

SIDE BOY

JUNE 1941







U. S. S. S. PRAIRIE STATE

No. 385

Alvin Sathroy Rate M.I.D.

This entitles bearer to leave ship on liberty if entitled to liberty; and, if ship is at a Navy Yard, to pass through gates. To be shown to O. O. D. when leaving, and dropped in check box on return to ship. Use of this card for other than authorized liberty or by other than the person named is an offence.

N. Nav. 493—Rev. Jan. 1937

[Signature] U. S. N.
Executive Officer.

4-8117



| FINAL STANDING | NAVIGATION | | SEAMANSHIP | | ORDNANCE | | APTITUDE FOR SERVICE | |
|-------------------|---------------|-------------------|---------------|-------------------|---------------|-------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|
| | FINAL MARK | FINAL STANDING | FINAL MARK | FINAL STANDING | FINAL MARK | FINAL STANDING | FINAL MARK | FINAL STANDING |
| 35 | 3.17 | 72 | 3.30 | 29 | 5.31 | 15 | 3.48 | 82 |





Rear Admiral Adolphus Andrews, U.S.N. being piped aboard
U.S.S. Prairie State to formally take over the command of
the Third Naval District, March 10, 1941.

THE SIDE BOY



published by
The Third Class
United States Naval Reserve
Midshipmen's School
U.S.S. PRAIRIE STATE
New York, New York

The United States Naval Reserve
Midshipmen's School

requests the pleasure of your company

at the

Graduation Exercises

on Board the U. S. S. Prairie State
West 136th Street and North River

on Friday Morning,

the Sixth of June

Nineteen hundred and forty-one

at ten-thirty o'clock

Ticket of admission will
be furnished upon request



President of the United States of America
The Commander-in-Chief of the United States Navy
THE HONORABLE FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT



Guests are requested to be in their seats by 10:15

(For Musical Program Please Turn Over)



President of the United States of America
The Commander-in-Chief of the United States Navy
THE HONORABLE FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT



Musical Program

9:15 a.m. to 10:15 a.m. and after 12:00 noon.

1. MARCH — "OUR MAYOR" - - *Gerardo Iasilli*
2. OVERTURE — "ORPHEUS" - - *Offenbach*
3. SELECTION FROM "THE MIKADO" - *Gilbert-Sullivan*
4. MEDLEY OF COLLEGE SONGS
ARRANGED BY *G. Creatore*
5. "MARCH OF THE MIDDIES" - - *Gerardo Iasilli*
6. EVOLUTION OF DIXIE - - - - *Lake*



*President of the United States of America
The Commander in Chief of the United States Navy
THE HONORABLE FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT*





DEDICATION

The third class of the U.S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School, on board the U.S.S. Prairie State, dedicates this book to the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation.

REAR ADMIRAL
CHESTER WILLIAM NIMITZ, U.S.N.



REAR ADMIRAL CHESTER WILLIAM NIMITZ, U. S. NAVY

REAR ADMIRAL NIMITZ was born in Fredericksburg, Texas, February 24, 1885, and was appointed a Naval Cadet from the Twelfth Congressional District of Texas on 7 September 1901, graduating in 1905. He was commissioned Ensign in 1907; and promoted to Lieutenant, junior grade, and Lieutenant in 1910; to Lieutenant Commander in 1916; to Commander (temporary) in 1918; to Commander (permanent) 1921, to Captain 1927, and Rear Admiral June 23, 1938.

In 1909 he was in command of First Submarine Flotilla, with additional duty in command of U.S.S. PLUNGER. In 1910 he reported for duty in command of the Submarine NARWHAL, and in 1912 commanded the Submarine SKIPJACK (name changed to E-One).

On 20 March 1912, Rear Admiral Nimitz, then Lieutenant, rescued W. J. Walsh, Fireman 2nd Class, U. S. Navy, from drowning. For this service Rear Admiral Nimitz was awarded a Silver Life Saving Medal.

In May 1912 he was ordered to duty as Commander, Atlantic Submarine Flotilla; was at the Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., from 1913 to 1916, and reported as Engineer Officer of the U.S.S. MAUMEE in October of that year. He was assigned additional duty as Executive Officer of the U.S.S. MAUMEE, and in August 1917 reported as Aide on Staff, Submarine Force, Atlantic Fleet.

In February 1918 he reported for duty as Chief of Staff, Commander, Submarine Force, Atlantic Fleet, and was transferred for duty at Naval Operations, Washington, D. C., in September 1918. In May 1919 he became Executive Officer on the U.S.S. SOUTH CAROLINA. He assumed command of the U.S.S. CHICAGO, with additional duty as Commander, Submarine Division 14 in July 1920, and in June 1922 reported for a course of instruction at the Naval War College, Newport, R. I. In June of 1923, he was made Aide on Staff, Commander-in-Chief, Battle Fleet, with additional duty as Assistant Chief of Staff, and in October 1925 reported as Aide on Staff, Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Fleet, and additional duty as Assistant Chief of Staff.

Rear Admiral Nimitz was attached to the University of California in connection with Naval Reserve Unit from 1926 to 1929, and assumed command of Submarine Division 20 in June 1929. In 1931 his title was changed to Commander, Submarine Division 12, and in June 1931, he reported for duty in command of U.S.S. RIGEL and destroyers out of commission. From 1933 to 1935 he was in command of the U.S.S. AUGUSTA. He served as Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, from July 1935 until June 1938 when he was ordered to command Cruiser Division 2, Battle Force. He assumed that command on July 9, and in September 1938, was transferred to duty as Commander, Battleship Division One, Battle Force. He assumed duty as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation on June 15, 1939.

Rear Admiral Nimitz holds Naval War College diplomas for the Correspondence and Senior Courses and was awarded a special Letter of Commendation by the Navy Department for service during the World War, with the following citation:

"He performed meritorious service as Chief of Staff
to the Commander, U. S. Atlantic Submarine Fleet."

He was awarded the Victory Medal with Escort Clasp for service on the U.S.S. CHICAGO.

FOREWORD

"Forward, March!" This oft-repeated order heard in Midshipmen ranks could perhaps be considered in a larger sense, the theme of our whole existence at the present time. World conditions demand that our country keep abreast of progress of all kinds to meet the challenge of other Nations. National defense in turn requires that the Navy expand and progress and be ever "ready for action."

Indeed, it was because of these challenging facts that this School and others like it were organized. Uncle Sam needed more officers for his rapidly growing Navy and its hundreds of new ships of all classes. We, aboard the U.S.S. PRAIRIE STATE, are all proud to be a part of this awakening process of the "Sleeping Giant" of the Western Hemisphere.

A great share of credit for the success of this School and its training program is due to the outstanding leadership of Captain John J. London and his able Staff. We, as Midshipmen, under this leadership, felt that we were definitely a part of America's forward spirit — though perhaps at times we did seem to falter and stumble along that rocky path leading to graduation. Wonders were truly accomplished during these three months.

This book is an attempt to picture in a brief way our experiences as engineering and deck midshipmen. Therefore, one should not expect to find this book filled with technical dissertations, rather one should find that Midshipmen being human-beings after all, like to mix a little of the spice of humor and imagination in with the serious realities of their training. As one turns the pages it may be noted that the artistic theme of this book is devoted to the Ships of the Fleet with which we, as Ensigns, expect to become close and intimate friends. Perhaps one will recognize certain items in this publication common to all class books — but we feel that it is different, too, just as our experiences and purposes differ from Mr. Averageman and his workaday world.

THE EDITOR.



BATTLESHIP

O F F I C E R S



CAPTAIN JOHN J. LONDON, U.S.N.
Commanding Officer



ADMINISTRATION

COMMANDER JOHN K. RICHARDS, U.S.N.
Executive Officer



Comdr. Walter G. Thompson, U.S.N.

Lieut. Cdr. William D. Austin, U.S.N.

Lieut. Cdr. Charles W. Hickernell, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. William J. de Forest, U.S.N.R.

Lieut (jg) Richard Wagner, U.S.N.



THOMPSON

AUSTIN

HICKERNELL

de FOREST

WAGNER



ADAMS

COLLINS

OLIVET

BROWN

ODELL

NAVIGATION DEPARTMENT

Lieut. Cdr. George F. Adams, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. Lucius P. Collins, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. (jg) Alfred F. Olivet, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. (jg) Clinton B. D. Brown, U.S.N.R.

Ensign Albert H. Odell, U.S.N.R.



NAVIGATION

Probably our first thoughts, upon entering this School, were of Navigation. The word possessed a certain quality of mystery and fascination; it extended a challenge to us. In three months' time, if we met that challenge, we would be capable of performing the secret rites of the sextant.

But when we got under way we realized that we had comprehended less than half of the scope of our subject. For the practical navigator is faced primarily with the task of directing a ship safely from one place to another. And the finding of his position — whether it be accomplished with sextant or pelorus — is but one of the problems to be solved. Having found his position, the Navigator determines the course he should steer. He must then keep his ship as close to the course as is humanly possible. The compass, therefore, with all its idiosyncracies, is of quite as much importance to the navigator as his sextant. Its accuracy is a constant source of care; its correction, a periodic task.

The next thing that we learned was that the navigator's most anxious moments are spent, with his sextant snug in its case and his ship close in with the land, when he is finding his way by means of bearings, and a liberal use of the lead. Then the navigator needs to exercise all of his talent, as well as his knowledge. He must have the utmost faith in his decisions once made, and yet hold himself ready to revise them as a changed situation may require. Coastwise navigation calls for a keen mind, a quick eye and a steady hand.

Finally, one day in April, we approached the ultima Thule; and immediately we found ourselves suspended in the infinite void of the celestial sphere. Reluctantly we abandoned the idea that navigation, after all, was really nothing more than a matter of Common Sense, Table 3 and the Mercator Projection. The sensible horizon was not sensible nor the rational, rational. We were helpless in a mesh of hour circles, diurnal, and vertical circles, reinforced by the meridian and the equinoctial. And then, since there was no escape, we armed ourselves with celestial coordinators (what beautiful sarcasm is there) and painfully brought order out of chaos, as the days grew longer.

As we leave the school we discover that our first impressions of Navigation were right, as far as they went. Understanding has replaced imagination, but the word does possess a certain quality of mystery and fascination.



COOPER

KORN

GLOSTEN

DORAN

BOYCE

SEAMANSHIP DEPARTMENT

Lieut. Cdr. Lowell Cooper, U.S.N.

Head of Department

Lieut. Cdr. Edward R. Glosen, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. (jg) Andrew Boyce, U.S.N.R.

Ensign Howard J. Korn, U.S.N.R.

Ensign John F. Doran, U.S.N.R.



SEAMANSHIP

How did we learn our seamanship? Well, it's hard to put your finger on any one answer. But mainly it was from impromptu lectures by other midshipmen. For instance — one night in April we were studying Rules of the Road, “. . . a sailing vessel which is running free shall keep out of the way of one which is close-hauled.”

The ex-copywriter from Texas read and scratched his head. He was bothered. “What is this close-hauled business?” he mumbled. A lawyer midshipman from Maryland who had sailed all his life stopped his work, marked his place, and explained:

“It means sailing on the wind. Instead of running before it you're close to it. Savvy? “Uh huh,” the Texan drawled, “But is that good or bad?” Well, the rest of the section laughed, and then stopped studying while the lawyer went to the blackboard and chalked up the diagrams that finally cleared up the business for all hands. Most fellows went back to studying, and a few remained at the board and drew the lawyer on into an explanation of the aerodynamics of close-hauled sailing.

From hundreds of impromptu lectures like this we learned what seamanship we know.

In the chow line we shuffled decks of flag cards until they were memorized. At the table knives and forks simulated ships in explaining rights of way. Always a minute after taps the tiny white light somewhere in the compartment started blinking out the morse code — and always suddenly stopped when the mate-of-the-deck trudged by.

The instructors were hard-working naval officers. In class, in drills, and in cruises on the SYLPH they dished out a great deal, and in a rapid-fire way. And most of us had to study desperately to keep up with the fast pace.

But now most of us do know a lot of assorted practical information which should come in handy soon.

We know, too, that a bow spring isn't a shock absorber; that a hash mark isn't a gravy stain, and all the other glossary terms that midshipman classes for years have first laughed over, and then accepted as part of the language.

We know that draft numbers which meant only one thing to us a few months ago, mean something entirely different to the men who go to the sea in ships.



MUSCHLITZ

HUGUENIN

STRAUSS

HAMILTON

BULL

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT

Lieut. Cdr. Earl E. Muschlitz, U.S.N.

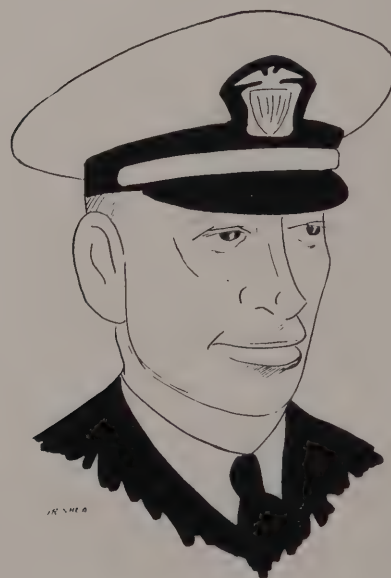
Head of Department

Lieut. Cdr. Sidney Huguenin, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. (jg) Harmon S. Strauss, U.S.N.R.

Ensign Richard H. Hamilton, U.S.N.R.

Ensign Elmer G. Bull, U.S.N.R.



ORDNANCE

REMEMBER that first class when you opened that big, fat, red book on Ordnance, saw all the pretty, colored diagrams and said, so innocently, "This is going to be fun"? Well, did you gain any weight? Can you build a better mousetrap?

And did you have as many or as complicated nightmares as most of us did? Did you dream you were really getting the acid test from an Examining Board, like this one we had, (yes, we; it was so horrible it took three people to dream and we had to dream it in shifts):

(Note: Board of Examiners on Fitness to interview graduating Midshipmen for assignment.)

PRESIDENT OF BOARD: "Midshipman Doe, you have in your studies aboard the PRAIRIE STATE learned a great deal about the subject of Ordnance and no little Gunnery?"

MID. DOE: "I refuse to answer on the grounds that I might be incriminated. . . ."

PRESIDENT: "This is not a civil trial, Mr. Doe, but a general examination to determine your qualifications as a junior gunnery officer. You will answer the questions respectfully."

DOE: "Aye, Aye, Sir."

PRESIDENT: "You have been 'on the tree' several times in the course, Mr. Doe?"

DOE: "All the 'confidential' and 'restricted' matter is quite safe with me, Sir."

PRESIDENT: "You can perhaps show some of your undoubtedly adequate store of knowledge by posing a few questions to members of this Board?" — (Nod) — "Proceed."

DOE: "Aye, Aye, Sir. Gentlemen, as Mr. Hamilton would say, 'Does this diagram resemble anything living or dead which you have ever seen before?' " (Midshipman Doe has meanwhile drawn on blackboard firing diagram for rockets of Buck Rogers 25th Century Space Dreadnaught. Entire Board, looking much younger and puzzled, views in awed silence). "Well, then, gentlemen, from this diagram what was the use of black powder in the Kung-Hsi dynasty of China? Detonator or booster?"

PRESIDENT: "Sir, are you mocking us?"

DOE: (In deep-voice of a Lieutenant, (jg): "That is well!" (Makes hieroglyphic in small black book.)

MEMBER OF BOARD: (Drawing deep breath): "Mr. Doe, in the application of the science of optics to gunnery, what cardinal principle immediately leaps to your mind?"

DOE: "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes."

SECOND MEMBER: "What is the best condition of a ship in which to obtain a steady gun platform?"

DOE: "Run her aground, Sir."

THIRD MEMBER: (Furtively ranging Doe with inkwell): "Name the types of breech-blocks which are used or have been in use and the guns on which they are used."

DOE: "We had those, Sir, but I was drawing a picture of Lieut. Comdr. Huguenin at the time. Don't you think he's handsome and dashing, Sir?"

PRESIDENT OF BOARD: "Without further preamble, Mr. Doe, it is the recommendation of this BOARD that due to your extensive knowledge of 'evasiveness' and high aptitude for 'Reticence' and in view of the remarkable lack of knowledge you have cultivated in this field, you are hereby made a Yeoman, First Class, in the Supply Corps — and privately, Mr. Doe, let me add: May God have mercy on your soul!"

* * * * *

Yes, they worked us pretty hard and made us feel like stevadores training to be chess champions. We have become acquainted with the fact that there is more to firing a gun than pressing a button and, speaking of buttons, though we may never find our collar button, our chances are better of knowing the target from the tow.

And to those who have replaced the vacuum in our heads with some knowledge of powder and its pressures, let us say many thanks for removing our Cold Gun ballistic.



HOOVER

DUSINBERRE

ADAMS

SHACKFORD

CROSBY

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

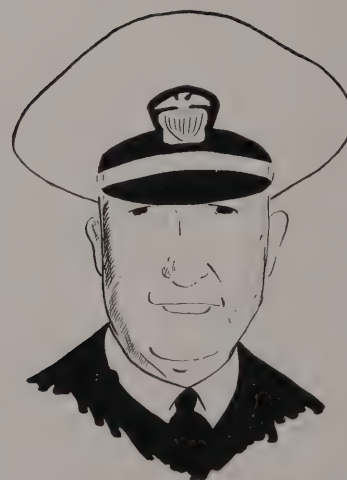
Lieut. Cdr. Guy B. Hoover, U.S.N.
Head of Department

Lieut. Henry W. Dusinberre, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. (jg) Reed M. B. Adams, U.S.N.R.

Ensign Charles C. Shackford, U.S.N.R.

Ensign Peter F. Crosby, U.S.N.R.



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

“— And so it was that the tree grew and grew, its branches spreading until a shadow was cast upon the multitude. For three months it bloomed, and then died.” — From the gospel according to Saint Blalock.

Juice . . . The deck force gave us a smug smile and shook their heads. What did it all mean? We wondered. — Some of us still don't know. Few of us reading by a light ever before cared why. The fact that *volts* were “goosing” *amperes* along the line with little or no regard for *ohms* — a plucky bunch that never gave up — this idea had never entered our minds. What a shock! Electricity on the whole proved to be a never-ending series of shocks in *shunt*. (There's a word for you.)

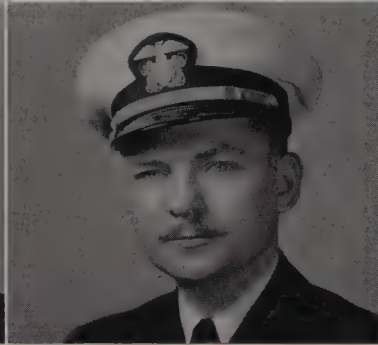
Juice . . . Where does it come from? What does it do? What doesn't it do and where do we find out? Picking up the book we discovered that, had we read volume one, this, volume two, would undeniably be a big help. We knew this was true because Blalock kept telling us “it is evident,” and “from the foregoing it will be seen,” so “it is equally obvious that —.” This was like meeting someone who called you by your old nickname but whom you didn't know from a hole in the ground.

There were hours of abysmal despair, followed by groaning *in parallel*. Sometimes we would lose a member: from the sea of shaking heads deep in study one would jerk erect, mouth open, glassy-eyed. “Eureka!” he'd shriek, and run screaming from the deck. Our darkest fears would be confirmed when he next appeared with something glistening on his head. Upon closer inspection this proved to be a snug little halo of some 2 watts, 110 volts, and a sum of amperes corresponding to his billet number. These were moments of great trial to us all.

Things we are grateful for: the inspired patience of our instructors; those right-and-left-hand-rule finger games; the guy in the next row who reassured us periodically with a baleful look (he didn't get it either); chiefly, Lt. Comdr. Austin's words of cheer — “From now on the Electrical Department is going to *try* and make the subject of Electricity a *little* less difficult. . . . Do not become discouraged or lose interest.” These kind words bore fruit when the “savvy-the-prob” boys were cut away like a cancerous growth to follow their own devices. This left us free to learn.

And we *have* learned — enough to intelligently follow the leads that will be given us at sea.

(The editorial “we” is not used. This is a summary record.)



BUNNELL
BELL

LAMB
DYKE

C. AND M.

Lieut. Cdr. Gilbert F. Bunnell, U.S.N.R.
Head of Department

Lieut. Carl J. Lamb, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. James R. Bell, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. (jg) Herbert G. Dyke, U.S.N.R.

Ensign John H. Sims, U.S.N.R.



C AND M

Dear Mother & Dad:

Here's one of those short notes again to pass along a bit more data on the lives and ways of embryo engineers. Along with our "Boilers" and our "Juice" we are being exposed to everything from warship construction to diesel engineering in a course called C. and M.

From its very inception it has hit some responsive chord in my comparatively esthetic nature because we are constantly supposing either a ship being half-filled with flooding water or an engine failing to start because of cold weather. The reason the ship doesn't sink is the water underneath pushes up on her "Bottom" and would also bash in her "Sides" if it weren't for the "Crossbeams." (Funny, but I have to think twice to remember the words you'll understand which correspond to the Naval terms I have grown accustomed to using myself.) And you know how sick you get on the Great Lake's trip each summer? Well, that's the metacenter. That is just to give you a rough idea of what we learned the first month.

We received a good dose of actual consideration work — that is, descriptions pertaining to how a ship is born. From the laying of the keel, the placing of the plates to welding over riveting — caulking, painting, compartmentation, armoring — we had it all. Having step by step constructed our ship, we immediately began to try to sink it, while we worked against ourselves to keep it afloat. This, surprisingly, had all the possibilities of being a fairly dry and boring procedure, were it not for the fact that we have learned that "Damage Control," as this phase is called, is as important, in battle, as the work of our gunnery officers.

Last Saturday we went to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. You might say it was almost part of this course because we went down in the NORTH CAROLINA. Down "Inside," I mean. It's tremendous, ma. Of course, I can't give away any Naval secrets, but everywhere I looked there was a piece of machinery. We were all pretty confused and I got lost once and found myself on the wrong side of a super-heater. This meant that in order for me to join the others I had to climb up three ladders and down three more on the other side of a transverse bulkhead. Who knows? This same watertight "wall" may keep her from sinking some day. This thought was just running through my head when it hit a condenser. I still have the lump. Better start ducking, since I'm an engineer.

Third month, and Thermodynamics are hard. They're in our boiler book and they have horsepower and vectors (?) left over from last month's E. E. I think I'll wait till I see you to tell you about them.

So, I am off again, about my Uncle's business. In passing I might express a hope that all this high sounding language has served to impress you to some degree. If I have failed in this, I am lost, for you are my last hope. My ship-mates are too busy impressing me, and my instructors, from all evidences to date, refuse to be impressed.

Now I must leave to commune with a grease cup, so, till the next time . . .

So long.



GROVER

BIRD

PARK

O'KELLY

NEWBEGIN

B. AND A.

Lieut. Dallas Grover, U.S.N.
Head of Department

Lieut. Peyton H. Park, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. (jg) Robert G. Newbegin III, U.S.N.R.

Ensign Jacob W. Bird, U.S.N.R.

Ensign William S. O'Kelly, U.S.N.R.



B AND A

V-7's from the Second and Fourth Companies never had a chance!

Typical of those "tomorrow's admirals" set first on engineering duty was Benny B. Good guy was Benny, but the long and short of it was that he slept his way through arts and sciences back in that land-locked college.

At close of the first day, Benny puzzled over the mimeo sheet on the bulletin board. "B & A. Wonder what that can be?" he mused. "Balderdash and Applesauce" ran through the fog, non comprehendo, no compos mentis, non nonny na. There stood the engineer, albeit a bit embryonic, with 13 weeks of steady diet of naval machinery to fatten him. Ninety days to do or die.

Bachelor of Arts he was when he faced B & A. He missed no time learning "rights and privileges of that degree" gave him no gravy with Babcock and Wilcox. Not to mention that after tackling B & A., E.E., etc., he faced the study of DECK before nomination by his seniors to the qualifying examination for a regular place in the line; that examination set up to follow a year's satisfactory performance.

Bull sessions with the boys disclosed that he wasn't alone in his quandary. Perhaps 20 per cent knew some engineering. Maybe he had passed in physics or starred in chemistry. That work had been years back, yea y-e-a-r-s. Some success then hardly set him up as a steam generating expert today.

Semi-resigned, he felt, "Well, if I can serve, I'll even be an Engineer."

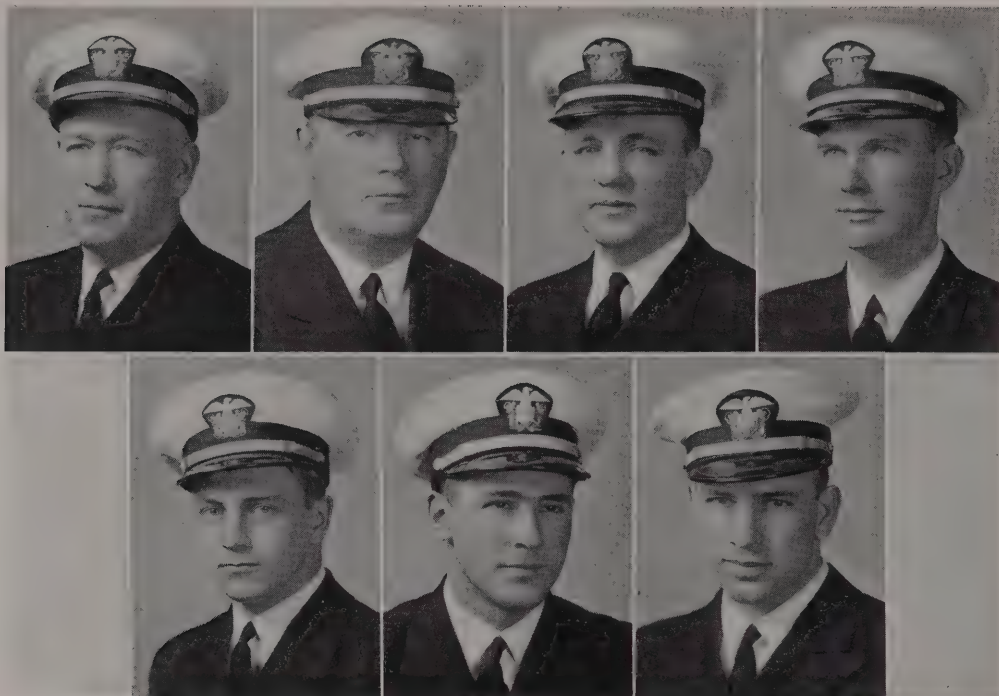
Once underway, B & A was no ogre. Definitely not to be mentioned in the same breath with E.E., the fiend which took such large a toll at the end of the first month. Trees carried less fruit in the province of Messrs. Grover, Parks, Newbegin, Bird and O'Kelly.

Well into Naval Boilers, a thought seized the group in some passing period of lucidity. "Come June, my station should be a Babcock and Wilcox plant. Small tube, large tube, 'SX', multiplex, Foster-Wheeler, they're all 'cinches.'" The advent of auxiliaries stimulated the thought.

Humor held high interest. Bowed down with detail, black-listed for lack of brainwork with safety precautions, harassed at each turn with accumulated duties, the thought of slap-happiness was a relief. Bursts of laughter were frequent from upper reaches of the New York Central classrooms as fellow men enjoyed the struggles of some less "savvy" when in close quarters with M. E. I.'s mandating.

As the course progressed, full chapter assignments became commonplace, the initiates learned. Unfortunately only one chapter contained that unbelievable *one page*.

Stories flew thick and fast of trials and tribulations, fun and frolic in Boilers and Auxiliaries, but ace of them all on the sunny side — those safety precautions coming in again — was the ribtickler of some Unknown Sailor in response to the exam query on preventing flarebacks: "Hold torch close to a bricklayer."



MURRAY

CURRIER

DIMON

AXTEN

GOUGE

MORSE

WROTNOWSKI

DRILL DEPARTMENT

Lieut. Cdr. Alexander Murray, Jr., U.S.N.R.

Lieut. Cdr. George C. Currier, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. John T. Dimon, U.S.N.R.

Ensign Richard P. Axten, U.S.N.R.

Ensign Frederick H. Gouge, U.S.N.R.

Ensign Richard C. Morse, U.S.N.R.

Ensign Arthur C. Wrotnowski, U.S.N.R.



DRILL DEPARTMENT

"Attention, all midshipman! Midshipman O. U. Dohpe report immediately to the Drill Department!" We have all squirmed in anticipation of being dressed down for an infringement of rules which we had hoped to get away with. Yes sir — we all know the Drill Department and count ourselves lucky if relations have been cordial with it in the past three months.

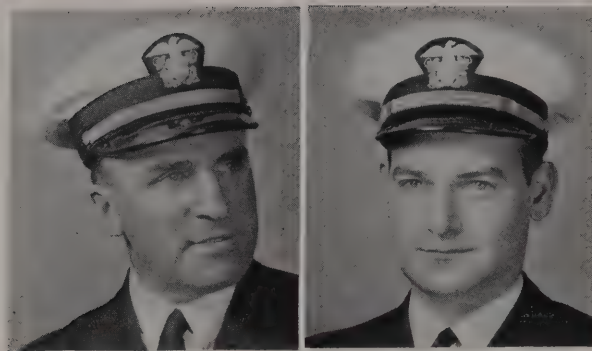
On the other hand, the sighs of relief that accumulate on the star-board side aft of the Drill Deck are witness to the fact that the inquisition was not as bad as feared. Yet it was hard to appear nonchalant under the appraising eyes of Lt. Comdr. Murray despite their warm twinkle. Of course, those eyes must be appraising for it is their owner's job to supervise our metamorphosis from civilian life into the highly specialized life of a naval officer in the incredibly short time that we spend on board the PRAIRIE STATE.

This job is of such mammoth proportions that it occupies the energies of eight men and could use more. Assisting Mr. Murray and Lt. Comdr. Currier, that jovial, incessant pipe smoker who watches benevolently — and obviously with a great kick — the day being molded into shape; that redoubtable athlete, Lt. Dimon — we'll all remember him for the aches and pains of the first week — and four ensigns from the last class, Messrs. Axten, Gouge, Morse and Wrotnowski, each in charge of a company. Certainly, far from the end of the list in many of our minds is "Junior" Frayer, the yeoman, who has the uncanny ability of always being happy and alert.

To the Drill Department go all requests, offers, and suggestions. From it come the fearsome Conduct Reports, extra liberty permission (or is it more often refusal?). Through all the maze of business that goes through this department, it somehow manages to keep occasionally uncertain midshipmen moving smoothly along on the main track and preventing snarls and tangles.

Based upon the Drill Department's observations of us in our daily life are the Aptitude for the Service marks, a compendium of marks which added together forms a rough sketch of our characters as seen by the Navy. These marks attempt to predict our future in the Service and are undoubtedly the most thorough and accurate indices of our ability.

There you have the Drill Department — a compact, fast-moving organization that reaches into the most hidden recesses of our lives. We cannot ignore it for it makes its presence felt in every conceivable way in each one of us. Most of us will probably remember it with a pleasant memory of gratefulness.



BARWOOD

HUTCHINSON

SUPPLY CORPS

Lieut. Henry J. Barwood, U.S.N.R. Ensign Earl G. Hutchinson, U.S.N.R.

MEDICAL CORPS

Lieut. Robert Boggs, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. Miles C. Krepela, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. Joseph R. Horn, U.S.N.R.



BOGGS

KREPELA

HORN



Conlan, Connolly, Gallagher, Gardiner, Vietor, Johnson, Baker.

MIDSHIPMEN REGIMENTAL

John H. Gardiner
Regimental Commander

Patrick Connolly
Regimental Signal Officer

Francis P. Gallagher
Regimental Sub Commander

Chester A. Johnson, Jr.
Regimental Chief Petty Officer

George E. Vietor, Jr.
Regimental Adjutant

James F. Conlan, Jr.
Regimental Bugler

Roger M. Baker
Regimental Bugler



FIRST BATTALION

| | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Commander</i> | D. Talbot |
| <i>Adjutant</i> | L. I. Berkowitz |
| <i>C. P. O.</i> | R. M. Surdam |

SECOND BATTALION

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Commander</i> | F. M. Donahue |
| <i>Adjutant</i> | A. H. Snyder |
| <i>C. P. O.</i> | F. T. Warner, Jr. |





AIRCRAFT CARRIER

M I D S H I P M E N
D E C K D E P T

JOHN F. ADAMS
Buffalo, N. Y.
U. of Buffalo
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JAMES P. BAKER
Worcester, Mass.
Harvard, 1937

J. DALLAS ALLEN, JR.
Salem, W. Va.
Salem, 1939

LOUIS BAKER
Los Angeles, Calif.
U. of Calif., 1938
U.S.S. WICHITA

FRANK R. ALVIS
Richmond, Va.
U. of Richmond, 1938

WILLIAM B. BALL
Cleveland Heights, O.
Western Reserve, 1940

JAMES H. ARROWOOD
Concord, N. C.
Wingate Jr. Coll., 1934
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

ARTHUR G. BEALE
Bridgeport, Conn.
Jr. Coll. of Commerce, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

EDWIN D. ASHTON
Los Angeles, Calif.
Princeton, 1936
U.S.S. WICHITA

RUSSELL W. BENNER
Los Angeles, Calif.
U. of Calif., 1938
U.S.S. WICHITA





LEONARD J. BERKOWITZ
Mattapan, Mass.
U. of Maine, 1938
U.S.S. QUINCY

EDWARD J. BOYD
Los Angeles, Calif.
U. C. L. A., 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

LOUIS L. BERNARD
New Orleans, La.
Tulane, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

RAY B. BRADY
Benson, N. C.
Wake Forest, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

DERICK W. BETTS
Englewood, N. J.
Princeton, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

D. DIRCK BRINCKERHOFF
Larchmont, N. Y.
Nichols Jr. Coll., 1940
U.S.S. WYOMING

BEVERLEY A. BOGERT
Newport, R. I.
Harvard, 1937
U.S.S. QUINCY

KENNETH C. BRISTOL
Waterbury, Conn.
Yale
U.S.S. VINCENNES

K. HAROLD BOLTON
New Haven, Conn.
Yale, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

BURDICK H. BRITTIN
Bayonne, N. J.
Union, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES



JOSEPH BRODSKY
Worcester, Mass.
Boston U., 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

JUSTUS C. BUTT
South Mills, N. C.
Wake Forest, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

MATTHEW BROWN
New Haven, Conn.
U. of Virginia, 1935
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOSEPH H. CAHILL
Larchmont, N. Y.
Fordham, 1940

JAMES T. BRYAN, JR.
Mill Neck, L. I., N. Y.
Yale, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

CHESTER R. CARLI
Los Angeles, Calif.
Boston U., 1937
U.S.S. WICHITA

LESTER F. BURDGE
Warren, R. I.
Providence Coll., 1940

BURTON U. CARR
Adams, Mass.
Boston U., 1940

JOHN S. BURNS
Austin, Texas
U. of Texas, 1938
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

ARTHUR G. CARROLL
Sheridan, Wyoming
U. of Minn.
U.S.S. WICHITA



MORSE A. CARTWRIGHT, JR.
Scarsdale, N. Y.
Dartmouth, 1937
U.S.S. WYOMING

FREDERICK L. COMLEY
Bridgeport, Conn.
Yale, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JOHN C. CEDERSTROM
Marble, Minn.
U. of Minn., 1938
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

JAMES F. CONLAN, JR.
Cambridge, Mass.
Boston U., 1940
U.S.S. WYOMING

RANDOLPH CHITWOOD
Roanoke, Va.
U. of Virginia, 1936

HARRY F. CONLEY
Long Beach, Calif.
Long Beach Jr. Coll.
U.S.S. NEW YORK

RALEIGH C. CHRISTIAN
Richmond, Va.
U. of Virginia, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

PATRICK CONNOLLY
Anaconda, Montana
Montana State
U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA

ANGUS W. CLARKE, JR.
Utica, N. Y.
Amherst, 1937
U.S.S. WYOMING

WEBB A. COOPER
Middletown, Conn.
Wesleyan, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK



BAILEY COWAN
Summit, N. J.
Princeton, 1938

GEORGE B. DAVIS
Tuscaloosa, Ala.
U. of Alabama, 1936
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HENRY E. CRAWFORD, JR.
Flushing, N. Y.
Harvard, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

MAXEY B. DAVIS
Church Road, Va.
William & Mary, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

WILLIAM W. CRAWFORD
New York, N. Y.
Yale, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

PHILIP DEAN
Brookline, Mass.
Harvard, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

HERBERT S. DAMON
Tamworth, N. H.
Amherst, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

RICHARD S. DOMBRINK
Oakland, Calif.
U. of Calif., 1936
U.S.S. QUINCY

HARRY M. DARDEN
Smithfield, Va.
U. of Richmond, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JEAN P. DUBOULE
Lawrence, Mass.
Holy Cross, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

DONALD R. DUCKWORTH
Worcester, Mass.
Wesleyan U., 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CHARLES C. DYER
Webster Springs, W. Va.
West Virginia, 1941

CLINTON T. DUFF, JR.
Beaumont, Texas
U. of Texas, 1935
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN M. EATON, JR.
Concord, Mass.
Harvard, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

ARCH H. DULIN
Sutton, W. Va.
Salem Coll., 1939

JACQUES R. EISNER
New York, N. Y.
U. of Virginia, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

LUTHER R. DUNARD
St. Louis, Mo.
Wash. U., 1938
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

DAVID W. EMMETT
New York, N. Y.
Duke, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CHARLES E. DUNSTON
Huntington Beach, Calif.
U. C. L. A., 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA

JOHN C. ENGLAND
Alhambra, Calif.
Pasadena Jr. Coll., 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK



THOMAS A. EVINS
Atlanta, Ga.
U. of Georgia, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ROBERT M. FOSS
Portland, Me.
Williams, 1936
U.S.S. QUINCY

RAYMOND F. FAREWELL, JR.
Seattle, Wash.
Harvard, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CHARLES O. FRASCH
Atlanta, Ga.
U. of Georgia
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HAROLD S. FINCK
Brookline, Mass.
Dartmouth, 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

CONRAD J. FRICKE
Bergenfield, N. J.
St. Francis Coll., 1941
U.S.S. QUINCY

ELMER B. FIORINI
Lynn, Mass.
Tufts, 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

ARNE FUGLESTAD
Randall Manor, S. L. N. Y.
Bucknell, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

LOUIS L. FISHER
Philadelphia, Pa.
U. of Penn., 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ALFRED D. G. FULLER
Gleasondale, Mass.
Princeton, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK



FRANCIS P. GALLAGHER
Fairfield, Conn.
Yale, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JOHN H. GARDINER
Gardiner, Maine
Harvard, 1938
U.S.S. QUINCY

ROBERT H. GARDINER
Gardiner, Maine
Harvard, 1937
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

CHARLES H. C. GERARD
New York, N. Y.
Yale, 1941
U.S.S. VINCENNES

DONALD C. GOODRICH
Los Angeles, Calif.
Harvard, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

DOUGLAS J. GOULD
Seattle, Wash.
U. of Washington, 1937
U.S.S. WICHITA

JAMES B. GRANT, JR.
Denver, Colo.
Yale, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN H. GRAVES
White Plains, N. Y.
Cornell, 1941
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ROBERT E. GREEN
Los Angeles, Calif.
U. C. L. A., 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

LOREN GREY
Altadena, Calif.
U. of Southern Calif., 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA



ROBERT W. GUNASON
Tucson, Arizona
Arizona, 1942
U.S.S. WICHITA

LEONARD G. HANK
Portsmouth, Va.
Randolph-Macon, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

RICHARD B. HADAWAY
Red Bank, N. J.
Emory University
U.S.S. WYOMING

JAMES B. HARE
Saluda, S. C.
Newberry, 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

CHARLES R. HALL
Barrackville, W. Va.
Fairmont St. Teachers, 1940

KEVIN HARTY
River Edge, N. J.
Saint Peters, 1942
U.S.S. NEW YORK

GERALD C. HALL, JR.
New Rochelle, N. Y.
Hobart, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

GEORGE G. HAWKINS
Atlanta, Ga.
David Lipscomb, 1940
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

CLEMENS F. HAND
Cape May, N. J.
Western State Teachers, 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

EDWARD R. HAWLEY
La Mesa, Calif.
San Diego State
U.S.S. NEW YORK





CARL L. HEATON
Tacoma, Wash.
Coll. of Puget Sound, 1941
U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA

DANA W. HULL
Gloucester, Mass.
Boston U., 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

DECATUR S. HIGGINS
Montclair, N. J.
Yale, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JAMES L. HUTTON
Fort Scott, Kansas
Fort Scott Jr. Coll., 1940
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

EDWIN B. HOUSE
Houston, Texas
Rice Inst., 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JAMES M. IRELAND
Houston, Texas
Southern Methodist, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

EUGENE R. HOWELL, JR.
Boise, Idaho
Seattle Coll., 1941
U.S.S. WICHITA

HENRY P. JENKS
White Plains, N. Y.
Hamilton, 1936
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

BLAKE HUGHES
Bronxville, N. Y.
Dartmouth, 1936
U.S.S. VINCENNES

PHILIP M. JOHNSON
Dedham, Mass.
Bowdoin, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY



GEORGE K. JOHNSTON
Philadelphia, Pa.
U. of Penn., 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

JOHN R. KEITHLY
St. Louis, Mo.
Washington U., 1940
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

ALBERT E. JONES, JR.
San Diego, Calif.
San Diego St., 1940

FRANCIS A. C. KELLUM
San Pedro, Calif.
Compton Jr. Coll., 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

JOHN F. JONES
Chatsworth, Ga.
No. Ga. Coll., 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HOWARD B. KELSEY
Orange, N. J.
Yale, 1937
U.S.S. VINCENNES

WILLIS B. JONES
Atlanta, Ga.
U. of Virginia, 1937
U.S.S. QUINCY

THOMAS A. KILLEEN, JR.
Wheeling, W. Va.
Xavier University

SAMUEL C. KEELER
Wilton, Conn.
U. of Penn.

THOMAS A. KINSMAN
Kapowsin, Wash.
U. of Washington, 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA



JACOB KRESHTOOL
Wilmington, Del.
U. of Delaware, 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA

FREDERICK A. LEVERING
Baltimore, Md.
Swarthmore, 1938

EDWARD L. KUHN
Buffalo, N. Y.
Amherst, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

LEONARD M. LEVERING, JR.
Ruxton, Md.
Johns Hopkins, 1941
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ALVIN LATHROP
Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.
Columbia, 1936
U.S.S. VINCENNES

MILTON L. LEVY
Edgewood, R. I.
Brown, 1937
U.S.S. QUINCY

EDWIN M. LEONARD
Columbia, S. C.
U. of Virginia, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HAROLD S. LEWIS
Miami, Fla.
Georgia St., 1933

ROYAL A. LETT, JR.
Long Beach, Calif.
Long Beach Jr. Coll., 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

STANLEY LIVINGSTON, JR.
Wellesley, Mass.
Yale, 1940



ROBERT W. LORD
Sanford, Me.
Pasadena Jr. Coll., 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

JOHN G. LYMAN
Tarrytown, N. Y.
Johns Hopkins, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ROBERT B. LOWE
Holyoke, Mass.
Syracuse, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

HARRY L. MACCREADY, JR.
Taunton, Mass.
Dartmouth, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CHARLES M. LUCE
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Grand Rapids Jr. Coll., 1937
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

WILLIAM K. MACY, JR.
Islip, L. I., N. Y.
Harvard, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

BERT L. LUNCEFORD
Victorville, Calif.
Pomona, 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

ROY L. MALCOLM
Los Angeles, Calif.
U. of Southern Calif., 1935
U.S.S. NEW YORK

LARRY G. LYDON
Seattle, Wash.
Portland U., 1942
U.S.S. WICHITA

RICHARD J. MARQUART
Oshkosh, Wis.
Drake, 1938
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

HENRY D. MARTIN, JR.
Trenton, N. J.
St. Francis, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JAMES H. McCALL
Birmingham, Ala.
Louisiana State
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN H. MARTIN
Los Angeles, Calif.
U. C. L. A., 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

ROBERT M. McCLUNG
Butler, Pa.
Princeton, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

VEREY G. MARTIN, JR.
State College, Miss.
Miss. State, 1941
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

JAMES E. McCOLGAN
Catonsville, Md.
Md. U. Law School
U.S.S. NEW YORK

WALTER S. MARTIN
Burlingame, Calif.
U. of Calif., 1939
U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA

ROBERT P. McCUEN
Savannah, Ga.
U. of Georgia, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ROBERT E. McALLISTER
Philadelphia, Pa.
U. of Penn., 1937
U.S.S. WICHITA

JAMES F. McGRADE, JR.
New York, N. Y.
St. Johns, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK



JOSEPH R. McMAHON, JR.
Huntington, W. Va.
Marshall Coll., 1936

CHARLES W. MIDELBURG
Charleston, W. Va.
Wash. & Lee, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JAMES F. McNAMARA
West Medford, Mass.
Boston Coll., 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

ELWOOD E. MILLER
Seattle, Wash.
U. of Wash., 1940

EDWARD A. McVEIGH, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.
St. Josephs, 1938
U.S.S. WICHITA

GERALD C. MITCHENER
Cincinnati, O.
U. of Cin., 1942
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

JOHN C. METCALF
Duluth, Minn.
Notre Dame, 1937
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

JOHN A. MOFFITT, JR.
New Haven, Conn.
Yale, 1939

ROBERT W. METZGER
New York, N. Y.
Columbia
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN H. MOHRFELD, III
Camden, N. J.
Coll. of So. Jersey, 1940
U.S.S. WYOMING



JOHN G. MOONEY
Yonkers, N. Y.
St. Marys, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

LAWRENCE F. MUEHLING
Manchester, N. H.
Nichols Bus. Coll., 1937
U.S.S. QUINCY

JOHN S. MORGAN
New York, N. Y.
Harvard, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN J. MULLEN
Bayonne, N. J.
St. Peters, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HOWARD MOSKOWITZ
New York, N. Y.
N. Y. U., 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

FRANCIS L. MULVILLE
Philadelphia, Pa.
La Salle, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

EDWARD MOTLEY, JR.
Concord, Mass.
Harvard, 1936
U.S.S. QUINCY

KENNETH W. MURPHY
New York, N. Y.
Colgate, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

TILGHMAN H. MOYER, JR.
Allentown, Pa.
Princeton, 1938
U.S.S. WICHITA

JAMES P. MURPHY
New York, N. Y.
Manhattan, 1935
U.S.S. NEW YORK



CLARENCE E. MYKLAND
Tacoma, Wash.
Coll. of Puget Sound, 1938
U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA

LLOYD J. O'BRIEN
Burlington, Vt.
Morris Jr. Coll., 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ROBERT T. NEWELL, JR.
Centerville, Md.
U. of Maryland, 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA

CHESTER W. OLCOTT
Portland, Ore.
Stanford, 1938
U.S.S. WICHITA

CHARLES W. NICKEL
Upper Darby, Pa.
St. Josephs, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CHARLES W. PARKER
Kings Park, L. I., N. Y.
Syracuse, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

BERNARDO F. NOSWORTHY
Bronxville, N. Y.
Franklin & Marshall, 1939

JOHN J. PEARCE
Wilmington, Del.
U. of Penn., 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA

SEVERN M. NOTTINGHAM, JR.
Orange, Va.
U. of Virginia, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

RICHARD E. PEEK, JR.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Colgate, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK





ROBERT PERKINS
Los Angeles, Calif.
U. of So. Cal., 1939
U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA

JOHN J. RAMAGE
Lowville, N. Y.
Colgate, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CHARLES M. PRESTON
Huntington, W. Va.
Marshall, 1938

JACK R. RIGGS
New Castle, Va.
U. of Virginia, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN I. PREVIS
Seattle, Wash.
Mont. State, 1936
U.S.S. WICHITA

JACK L. RINN
Enid, Okla.
Oklahoma, 1939
U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA

WILLIAM M. PRICE
Gardena, Calif.
Compton Jr. Coll., 1940
U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA

HORACE L. ROBERTSON, JR.
Atlanta, Ga.
Georgia Tech, 1941
U.S.S. NEW YORK

NORMAN A. PRICHARD
Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
Princeton, 1940

WILLIAM A. ROGERS
Bennettsville, S. C.
U. of So. Car., 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK



BLYTHE E. ROSENBERGER
Upland, Calif.
Calif. Poly., 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN M. SCOTT, JR.
Rocky Mount, N. C.
Wake Forest, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

DAVID L. RUBIN
Brockton, Mass.
Yale, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

EARLE B. SEELEY, JR.
New Haven, Conn.
Dartmouth, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JOHN L. RYAN
Seattle, Wash.
U. of Wash., 1938
U.S.S. WICHITA

JOHN E. SEXTON
Philadelphia, Pa.
St. Josephs, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HENRY F. SANVILLE
Oak Lane, Penna.
U. of Penn., 1938
U.S.S. WICHITA

JOHN R. SHEA, JR.
Baltimore, Md.
U. of Penn., 1940

MORTON M. SCHWARTZ
Chattanooga, Tenn.
U. of Chattanooga, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

KENNETH T. SHIPLEY
Oswego, Ore.
U. of Oregon, 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA



RICHARD W. SKELTON
Jacksonville, Fla.
U. of Florida
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ZEBULON H. STAFFORD
Easton, Md.
U. of Virginia, 1936
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ARNOLD N. SLOAN
Richmond, Va.
U. of Virginia, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

GEORGE V. STAHL
Beaumont, Calif.
San Diego State, 1940

STUART A. SPAULDING
New York, N. Y.
Cornell, 1941
U.S.S. WYOMING

WALTER S. SULLIVAN, JR.
New York, N. Y.
Yale, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

WALTER P. SPRUNT, JR.
Wilmington, N. C.
Davidson, 1935
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ROBERT M. SURDAM
Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
Williams, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

WILLIAM K. SPRY
Los Angeles, Calif.
U. of Kansas City, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ROBERT A. SWEATT
Contoocook, N. H.
N. H. U., 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY



HUMPHREY H. SWIFT, III
Milton, Mass.
U. of North Carolina, 1939

LOREN M. THORSON
Watertown, Minn.
Augsburg Coll., 1941
U.S.S. WYOMING

DUDLEY TALBOT
Weston, Mass.
Harvard, 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

JOHN H. TIGHE
West Roxbury, Mass.
Harvard, 1936
U.S.S. QUINCY

THOMAS L. TALBOT
Weston, Mass.
Harvard, 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

JOHN M. TRENT
New York, N. Y.
Princeton, 1937
U.S.S. VINCENNES

FRED E. TAYLOR
Roanoke, Va.
U. of Virginia, 1937

WALTER J. TROSS
Lynn, Mass.
U. of Ala., 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

EDWARD M. TERRY
Seattle, Wash.
Seattle College
U.S.S. WICHITA

MERLIN W. TROY
Kingston, Pa.
Penn State, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HERBERT M. TRULL
Nashville, Tenn.
U. of Illinois, 1936
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CHARLES N. WANG
Philadelphia, Pa.
U. of Kansas
U.S.S. WICHITA

H. GORDON TURNER
Waterford, N. Y.
Dartmouth, 1936
U.S.S. VINCENNES

CHALTON J. WATTERS
Torrance, Calif.
Long Beach Jr. Coll., 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

FRED L. VANCE
Peoria, Ill.
U. of Illinois, 1939
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

HENRY J. WHITE, JR.
Dorchester, Mass.
Boston Coll., 1940
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

GEORGE F. VIETOR, JR.
New York, N. Y.
Yale, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

RAYMOND A. WILLIAMS
Philadelphia, Pa.
La Salle, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CHARLES D. WADSWORTH, JR.
Pelham Manor, N. Y.
U. of Virginia, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JOHN W. WRIGHT, JR.
Charleston, W. Va.
U. of Georgia, 1940





CRUISER

MIDSHIPMEN ENGINEERING

JOHN J. AIELLO
Upper Montclair, N. J.
Lafayette, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JAMES P. BALDWIN, JR.
Grosse Pointe, Mich.
Lawrence Inst. of Tech.
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

BILL AMES
Long Beach, Calif.
U.C.L.A., 1939

WILLIAM M. BANCROFT
Providence, R. I.
Brown University, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOSE ANDONEGUI, JR.
Richmond, Va.
U. of Richmond
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JACOB A. BARNETT
Springfield, Ohio
Ohio State University
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

BENJAMIN K. AYERS, JR.
Concord, N. H.
Dartmouth, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JOHN J. J. BARRY
New York, N. Y.
Fordham University

ROGER M. BAKER
Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Dartmouth, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ARDEN E. BAUGHMAN
Findlay, Ohio
Bowling Green Univ.
U.S.S. ARKANSAS





JOSEPH L. BEHAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Peter's College, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

RICHARD W. BOWMAN
Hempstead, L. I., N.Y.
Dartmouth, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

FRED H. BERDAN
Glen Ridge, N. J.
U. of North Carolina, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JOHN E. BOYLE
Allston, Mass.
Boston College, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

WILLARD G. BERFIELD
Iowa Falls, Iowa
Iowa State College

JAMES M. BROPHY, JR.
Hattiesburg, Miss.
Mississippi Southern, 1937

DAVID I. BIBERMAN
New York, N. Y.
Wesleyan University, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

MORRISON R. BROWN
Miami Beach, Fla.
Duke University, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HARRY J. BLACKWELDER
Charlotte, N. C.
Peabody College, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

EDWARD V. BURCHILL
Philadelphia, Pa.
Kutztown Teachers, 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA



CARLISLE O. BYRD, JR.
Dallas, Texas
University of Texas, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JEFFREY B. CASE
Vancouver, Wash.
Oregon State,
U.S.S. WICHITA

DANIEL R. CAHILL
Meriden, Conn.
Fordham, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

EUGENE F. CASTLES, III
Glen Ridge, N. J.
U. of North Carolina
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ROBERT B. CALLAGHAN
South Orange, N. J.
Univ. of Miami, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

WAYNE CHAMBERS
Deleon, Texas
Howard Payne College, 1936
U.S.S. NEW YORK

EDWARD G. CAMPBELL
Winnewood, Penna.
U. of Penn., 1938
U.S.S. WICHITA

RALPH CHILDS, JR.
Westfield, N. J.
Bucknell University
U.S.S. QUINCY

ROBERT W. CAMPBELL
Arlington, Mass.
Dartmouth, 1941

JOSEPH A. CHILES
Los Angeles, Calif.
Emory University, 1936
U.S.S. NEW YORK



HERSCHEL B. CHIPP
Los Angeles, Calif.
L. A. C. C., 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

WADE H. COLEY
Montgomery, W. Va.
New River State, 1940

CARROLL E. CHURCH
Houston, Texas
U. of Texas, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

USHER P. COOLIDGE
Boston, Mass.
Harvard, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HORACE A. CLEM
Cranston, R. I.
Brown, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

JAMES COON
Buffalo, N. Y.
Notre Dame, 1937
U.S.S. VINCENNES

ARTHUR P. COLBURN
Scarsdale, N. Y.
Hamilton, 1941
U.S.S. VINCENNES

DUAHNE W. COOPER
Florence, Oregon
Oregon State
U.S.S. WICHITA

ROBERT M. COLE
New York, N. Y.
Bard College, 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

PETER S. CORN
New York, N. Y.
Brown, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK



JAMES S. COUZENS
Yonkers, N. Y.
Brown, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

ROBERT T. DEMPSEY
Hudson Falls, N.Y.
Fordham, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HARRY P. COVINGTON
Bennettsville, S. C.
Furman Univ., 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

AURELIO DE YOANNA
Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. Johns Univ., 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CHANDLER R. COWLES
New Haven, Conn.
Yale, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

WALTER H. DIETZ, JR.
Newton Center, Mass.
Yale, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

GEORGE W. DALY
Collingswood, N. J.
Stevens Inst. Tech., 1940

LYLE A. DILLINGHAM
Valparaiso, Ind.
Purdue
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

ROBERT F. DANAHER
Camden, N. J.
Williams, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CHARLES R. DISHARON
Salisbury, Md.
U. of Indiana, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

FRANK M. DONAHUE
Stamford, Conn.
Georgetown, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

SHERMAN K. ELLIS, JR.
Stamford, Conn.
Princeton, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

CORNELIUS ELSASSER
New York, N. Y.
Fordham, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

SEYMOUR EPSTEIN
New York, N. Y.
N. Y. U., 1936
U.S.S. NEW YORK

WILLIAM E. FAEH, JR.
El Segundo, Calif.
L. A. C. C., 1938
U.S.S. WICHITA

GARSON R. FEINSTEIN
Holyoke, Mass.
U. of Penn., 1936
U.S.S. QUINCY

HENRY B. FIELD
Arlington, Va.
U. of Virginia, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN F. FINNERAN, JR.
Worcester, Mass.
Holy Cross, 1938
U.S.S. QUINCY

JOHN FLOWER
Deerfield, Mass.
Harvard, 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

WARREN G. FLYNN
Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Dartmouth, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES



JOSEPH C. FOX
New York, N. Y.
Yale, 1936
U.S.S. VINCENNES

RICHARD W. FULLER
Deerfield, Mass.
R. P. I., 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

GEORGE C. GALICO, JR.
New York, N. Y.
Fordham, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

NORMAN B. GARDNER
Wrentham, Mass.
Principia, 1938

ENOS E. GARY
Houston, Texas
U. of Texas, 1935

JOHN F. GEARIN
Newberg, Oregon
Pacific College, 1939

THEODORE L. GERHARD
Seattle, Wash.
U. of Washington, 1941
U.S.S. OKLAHOMA

HENRY R. GEYELIN, JR.
New York, N. Y.
Yale, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

ARTHUR R. GIBSON, JR.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Colgate, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

FRANK A. GIESER
Los Angeles, Calif.
Loyola, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK



JOSEPH E. GODFREY, JR.
Ithaca, N. Y.
Cornell, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JOHN E. HALTER
Harrison, Ark.
Hendrix Coll., 1937
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

SYDNEY GOROFF
Chelsea, Mass.
Boston U., 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

JAMES B. HAMLIN
Colorado Springs, Colo.
Colorado College
U.S.S. QUINCY

HERBERT GOTTLIEB
Philadelphia, Pa.
Temple U., 1938
U.S.S. WICHITA

LEROY C. HAND, JR.
Gatesville, N. C.
Wake Forest
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JAMES A. GREEN, III
Essex Fells, N. J.
Princeton, 1941
U.S.S. VINCENNES

WADE O. HANKINSON
Aiken, S. C.
Clemson Coll., 1936
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HAROLD W. HALDEMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Williams, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

DANIEL F. HARRINGTON, JR.
Tiverton, R. I.
Holy Cross, 1940



ROBERT C. HARVEY
Bloomfield, N. J.
Dartmouth, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

WILLIAM J. HUBBACH, JR.
Seattle, Wash.
U. of Washington, 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA

CORNELIUS L. HAYS, JR.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Williams, 1936
U.S.S. VINCENNES

THOMAS P. HUBIN
New York, N. Y.
Fordham, 1941
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HARVEY B. HEIDELBERG
Clarksdale, Miss.
Southwestern, 1936
U.S.S. NEW YORK

PAUL C. HUGHES
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Yale, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JAMES A. HENRY
Fullerton, Calif.
Oregon State, 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

JAMES J. HUMPHRIES
Philadelphia, Pa.
St. Joseph, 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

FREDERIC A. HIGHMAN
Holliston, Mass.
Harvard, 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

EDWARD R. HUNT
New Orleans, La.
Southeastern, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK





DALLAS W. HUNTER
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Muskingum, 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

STANLEY W. JOLIVETTE
Venice, Calif.
Pomona Coll., 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

ROBERT J. HUTCHISON
Highland Park, Ill.
U. of Illinois, 1940
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

ARTHUR JONES, JR.
Hollis, L. I., N.Y.
Hofstra
U.S.S. NEW YORK

DONALD H. IHRIG
Dayton, Ohio
Ohio State, 1940
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

HARRY H. KASTE, JR.
Muskegon, Mich.
Muskegon Jr. Coll., 1940
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

CHESTER A. JOHNSON, JR.
Hartford, Conn.
Yale, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

FRANK J. KEEFE, JR.
Boston, Mass.
Boston Coll., 1937
U.S.S. QUINCY

EUGENE C. JOHNSON, JR.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Stanford, 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA

ARTHUR P. KEEGAN, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Villanova, 1938
U.S.S. WICHITA



LOUIS E. KELLEY
Franklin, N. J.
Williams, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

MILFORD KNIAZ
Chelsea, Mass.
George Wash. U., 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

FRANK E. KEMNA
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Louis U., 1940
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

CHARLES F. KOLB
Washington, D. C.
John Hopkins, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

MERLE O. KENT
Memphis, Tenn.
Memphis Teachers, 1937

EDWARD J. KRAMER
New York, N. Y.
St. Peters College

JACK D. KERLEE
Burlington, Wash.
U. of Washington, 1938
U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA

CARL A. LA BARRE
Forsyth, Mont.
Montana State U.
U.S.S. WICHITA

NORMAN B. KING
New York, N. Y.
Yale, 1935
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN LAVRAKAS
Watertown, Mass.
Mass. State, 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY



RICHARD H. LAWRENCE
Gloucester, Va.
Virginia Poly. Inst.

HARRIS B. LIBBY
Boston, Mass.
Tufts
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

JAMES R. LEE
Bronxville, N. Y.
Georgetown, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

WILLIAM M. LIVINGSTON
Revere, Mass.
Tufts, 1937

JOSEPH B. LEER
New York, N. Y.
North Carolina St., 1941
U.S.S. NEW YORK

MARVIN S. LOEWITZ
Bridgeport, Conn.
N. Y. U., 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JAMES B. LEONARD
Westport, Conn.
Yale, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

SAMUEL L. LUNDQUIST, JR.
Jamestown, N. Y.
Wooster Coll., 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

WILLIAM R. LEWIS
Columbus, Ohio
Ohio State, 1938
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

ROGER P. LYON
New York, N. Y.
Princeton, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK



CHARLES D. MACMAKIN
Tenafly, N. J.
Lafayette, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

HARRY B. MALLORY, JR.
Danbury, Conn.
Yale, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JOSEPH F. MADDEN
Norfolk, Virginia
U. of Virginia, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

HERBERT MATTLAGE
Douglaston, L. I., N. Y.
Dartmouth, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

ROBERT T. MAGRANE
Holyoke, Mass.
Amherst, 1939

AUSTIN S. MAXIM
New Bedford, Mass.
U. of Virginia, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

WALTER B. MAHONEY, JR.
Scarborough, N. Y.
Amherst, 1936

EUGENE V. MAYNARD
Kinston, N. C.
U. of North Carolina, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ROBERT B. MALCOLM, JR.
Gashland, Mo.
William Jewell Coll., 1941
U.S.S. WYOMING

JOSEPH H. MCGINNIS
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Vanderbilt, 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

JAMES F. X. McHUGH
Maplewood, N. J.
Holy Cross, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JOHN W. MORRISON
Teaneck, N. J.
Williams, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN J. McINTOSH
Andover, Mass.
Syracuse, 1941

GEORGE S. MORROW, JR.
Scarsdale, N. Y.
Duke, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JAMES J. McKEON
Derby, Conn.
Dartmouth, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

DUGALD J. NEILL
Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.
Duke, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

GEORGE W. McMURRY, JR.
San Antonio, Texas
U. of Texas
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

ROBERT M. NEWTON, JR.
Hampton, Va.
William & Mary, 1940
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

GEORGE G. McNEELY
Newark, N. J.
Lafayette, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

THEODORE L. NOWOSACKI
New York, N. Y.
N. Y. U.
U.S.S. VINCENNES



EDWIN C. PALMER, III
Philadelphia, Pa.
La Salle, 1937

PHILLIP F. PIERCE
South Windsor, Conn.
U. of Conn. 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN L. PASEUR
Memphis, Tenn.
State Teachers, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JOHN W. PIERCE
New Rochelle, N. Y.
Georgetown, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JAMES S. PEELE, JR.
Bellhaven, N. C.
N. C. State, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

FRANKLIN T. POTTER
Portland, Me.
Case, 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

EDWIN PERKINS
Providence, R. I.
R. I. State, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

JOHN F. POWELL
Suffolk, Va.
Washington & Lee
U.S.S. NEW YORK

WILLIAM R. PHILLIPS, JR.
Raleigh, N. C.
N. C. State, 1938
U.S.S. NEW YORK

FREDERICK W. PRATT
Bronxville, N. Y.
Fordham, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES



GEORGE B. RADER
Kansas City, Mo.
Washington U.
U.S.S. WYOMING

JULIUS ROCKWELL, JR.
Andover, Mass.
U. of Michigan, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

ALLEN H. RAPHAEL
New York, N. Y.
Cornell, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

FRANCIS A. ROCQUE
Lexington, Mass.
Bowdoin, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

FREDERIC B. READ, JR.
Providence, R. I.
R. I. School of Design
U.S.S. VINCENNES

WILBER F. ROGERS
Scotts Bluff, Neb.
U. of Nebraska, 1941
U.S.S. WYOMING

ALLEN REED
Wyncote, Penna.
Princeton, 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

FREDERICK M. RUSSELL
Methuen, Mass.
Tufts, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

IRA RICHARDS, JR.
Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.
Yale, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

HARLOW D. SAVAGE, JR.
Scarsdale, N. Y.
Yale, 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES



WALTER S. SCHAAR
Catonville, Md.
U. of Maryland, 1936
U.S.S. NEW YORK

WILLIAM SEITH
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Pratt Inst., 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

CHARLES E. SCHERNECK
Collingswood, N. J.
Penn State, 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

FRANK A. SEIXAS
New York, N. Y.
Cornell, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

JAMES C. SCHLENKER
Cincinnati, O.
U. of Cincinnati
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

KARL G. E. SHARKE
North Tarrytown, N. Y.
Renssalar Poly
U.S.S. NEW YORK

A. LEWIS SCHLESSINGER, JR.
Memphis, Tenn.
U. of Michigan, 1938
U.S.S. QUINCY

BARRETT A. SHAW
West Woodstock, Vt.
Columbia, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

FRANCIS A. SCHREIBER
Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Niagara Coll., 1935
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ALBERT K. SHERMAN
Newport, R. I.
Amherst, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY





EDGAR A. SIMPSON
Baltimore, Md.
U. of Maryland, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ARTHUR H. SNYDER
Swarthmore, Pa.
Swarthmore, 1940

EUGENE H. SIMPSON, JR.
Jackson, Miss.
U. of Miss., 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

DAVID O. SPEER
Deer Lodge, Mont.
Mont. State, 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

GEORGE A. SMITH
Baltimore, Md.
Loyola, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

THOMAS B. STRAFFORD
Rutland, Vt.
St. Lawrence U., 1938
U.S.S. QUINCY

GEORGE H. SMITH, JR.
Kansas City, Mo.
Northeast J. C., 1939
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

CARL L. STEVENS
Edmonds, Wash.
U. of Wash., 1940
U.S.S. WICHITA

NORMAN C. SMITH
Windsor, Conn.
Middlebury, Conn.
U.S.S. NEW YORK

SHERMAN R. STRONG
Memphis, Tenn.
W. Tenn. State, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK



RALPH F. STROUP
Los Angeles, Calif.
U. of Southern Calif., 1937

ROBERT B. THAYER
High Point, N. C.
High Point, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ARTHUR W. SULLIVAN, JR.
Quincy, Mass.
U. of Penn., 1941
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

LESTER I. THOMAS
Springfield, Mass.
U. of Virginia, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

FRANCIS J. SULLIVAN
Oswego, N. Y.
Syracuse, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

LEO M. THOMPSON
Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Niagara U., 1938
U.S.S. VINCENNES

JOSEPH J. SUMMERELL, JR.
Raleigh, N. C.
Davidson, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

ROBERT C. THOMPSON
Philadelphia, Pa.
Muhlenberg, 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA

FRANCIS J. TAYLOR, JR.
Hanover, Maryland
Johns Hopkins, 1938

WILLIAM C. TOBIN
Avon, Mass.
N. Texas St. Teachers
U.S.S. QUINCY



JAMES H. TORREY
Washington, Conn.
Yale, 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

WINTHROP B. WALKER
Cape Elizabeth, Me.
Harvard, 1939
U.S.S. QUINCY

JAMES D. TURNER
Hattiesburg, Miss.
Miss. State
U.S.S. NEW YORK

WILLIAM J. WALLACE, JR.
New York, N. Y.
Manhattan, 1939
U.S.S. VINCENNES

DAVID R. UPSON
Litchfield, Conn.
Princeton, 1936
U.S.S. VINCENNES

ANTHONY M. WALTRICH
Philadelphia, Pa.
La Salle, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

WILLIAM A. UPTON
Norfolk, Va.
U. of North Carolina, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

FREDERICK T. WARNER, JR.
Englewood, N. J.
Princeton, 1937
U.S.S. VINCENNES

GARRETT H. VALENTINE
Washington, D. C.
Wake Forest, 1940
U.S.S. NEW YORK

THOMAS L. WARRINGTON, JR.
Collingswood, N. J.
Temple U., 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA



BROOKS WEBSTER
Lexington, Mass.
Bowdoin, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

CHARLES E. WEYLL, JR.
Wyncote, Pa.
Guilford Coll., 1939
U.S.S. WICHITA

JAMES T. WEBSTER
Fountain City, Tenn.
U. of Tenn.
U.S.S. NEW YORK

RICHARD H. WHITE
Revere, Mass.
Colby, 1940
U.S.S. QUINCY

EDWARD I. WEED
Ontario, Calif.
Chaffey Jr. Coll., 1935
U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA

ARTHUR I. WHITESIDE, JR.
Tampa, Fla.
Coll. of Charleston, 1937
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CARL A. WEIANT, JR.
Newark, Ohio
Kenyon Coll., 1937
U.S.S. ARKANSAS

JOHN B. WHITWORTH, JR.
Chestertown, Md.
U. of Southern Calif., 1938

ROBERT D. WESTERMANN
Weehawken, N. J.
N. Y. U., 1940
U.S.S. VINCENNES

HARRY E. WILKINSON, JR.
Charlotte, N. C.
U. of North Carolina, 1939
U.S.S. NEW YORK

CHARLES C. H. WILLIAMS
 Milford, Conn.
 Brown, 1938

PHILIP J. WINN, JR.
 Vulcan, W. Va.
 Marshall College
 U.S.S. NEW YORK

EBERLE I. WILSON, JR.
 New York, N. Y.
 Yale, 1939
 U.S.S. VINCENNES

THEODORE E. WOLFE, JR.
 Memphis, Tenn.
 Louisiana State
 U.S.S. TUSCALOOSA





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C O M P A N I E S



FIRST COMPANY

FROM the territory of the beans and codfish (Boston & Gloucester), from the land of the Eskimos and Indians (Washington); from the land of the no rain?? and all sunshine (Calif.) and from that sector of rebels (South and West by?? Virginia) — Company One, headed by that stalwart Yale man "Simon I." Grant, became the pride of the regiment upon induction on March 6.

That title was naturally assumed by virtue of our being under the watchful eyes of Lt. Comdr. Currier and his aides of the drill department at all musters, and brother, we speak from experience, there are many of them.

Becoming a 90-day wonder has its trials and tribulations but upon our graduation in June many fond memories will be carried by those who scatter to the seven seas — who could forget that each night the Civil War was fought over and over again on the main deck; that the South was upheld honorably by John Wright — "The pride of Athens, Ga." and Tom "I met a duchess" Evins — or who could forget Archy Dulin's famous trip to Times Square with Subway fare only — or who could fail to see the 12th section on board for two weekends, one of which was a pay?? day —

We pause here a moment to pay tribute to T. M. Forsythe who was forced to leave us at the start by virtue of becoming a victim of that scourge known as "berth deck flu" —

Upon our graduation on June 6, Company One will leave never again to reassemble as a unit. The course was both humorous and interesting, all was taken in a spirit of seriousness and good fellowship — Good luck and a memorable service.



THIRD COMPANY

Dear Dad:

It was just about three months ago, that day in early March, that I reported on board the U.S.S. PRAIRIE STATE. I was a civilian and a landlubber then, and I hadn't the faintest idea what they meant when they shoved a billet slip in my hand and told me I was in Company Three.

I know now, Dad — Company Three is part of the Deck force — they're the ones who do the shooting you know — although for the most part it's merely the sun and the moon.

Last March when we first came aboard we had a wild Irishman named McNamara for a Company Commander. He is the type who if he talked in his sleep would probably blurt out: "Hip-two-three-four; Hep-two-three-four." As a result, however, our Company is the Company that has the "snap."

They call us midshipmen and as regards Company Three we are such, even to the extent of eating, sleeping and having stations amidships — furthermore we are a robust set and from our ranks come leaders in every field from ranking honor men to men who rank high on the academic tree. In sports, oarsmen, fencers, wrestlers, boxers fill our lines, and I feel sure that if the time here were sufficiently extended, our first platoon would eventually win a basketball game.

We represent America, Dad — and in every sense of the word — every state is here, yet I must admit that when Boston — Brooklyn — New Orleans and Tacoma get together, it sounds like a meeting of the League of Nations with an interpreter badly needed.

Memories we all have — of an intensive and arduous course — of officers who were gentlemen and friends — Thursday dances — cruises on the SYLPH — Saturday P work, where more than one of Company Three computed that elusive Sun, as rising in the West and setting in the East.

Underneath a gay exterior they're a fine group of boys, Dad. Gentlemen all, educated all, boys who realize that they have a job to perform and who are determined that if their country needs them they will serve her to the best of their ability and strength.

Your Son,

Joe.



SECOND COMPANY

UPON arrival aboard the U.S.S. PRAIRIE STATE the members of the Second Company were startled and amazed to find themselves Engineers. After a brief unsuccessful tussle with the Drill Department most of the Second Company were still Engineers. We then settled down with the consoling thought that some day we too would get a chance to startle and amaze the Navy.

Unquestionably we formed the backbone (lower end) of the two Engineering Companies and before we go any further, it must be thoroughly understood that it was the 4th Company and not the 2nd Company which made Battalion Commander Donahue's face so red. . . .

Although it appeared impossible to become a section leader without having a Southern accent, the Company was usually a homogeneous unit until a visiting band started playing "Dixie" and the effect of G. W. T. W. in lowering national mentality could be observed.

Having little time to read newspapers, our own personalities managed to replace the comic and other sections of the metropolitan dailies with Feinstein our chief worry wart and Grind Goroff his assistant. Castle and Leonard kept up "chow" debates which only Dorothy Thompson and Clare Boothe could imitate. Kniaz took over the job of editing scuttlebutt and was our chief quiz prognosticator. At muster the volume of sound issuing from Green was only matched by the glee-club effects of Section 26 headed by a ventriloquist named Neill.

Unconscious humor was never a monopoly of midshipmen only. Guess which instructor said this: "You boys are catching on to this Electrical Engineering now, aren't you? I know I am." We often wondered what the E. E. Department would do without "Let George do it" Daly to straighten them out and Cooper, the pride of the Arizona, to ask questions.

Among the platoons and sections of our particular class of geniuses competition in athletics reached a low ebb and its place was usurped by a new game called "Button, Button, Where's the Drill?" The Second Company maintained a steady high average of going adrift on the way to Drill for three out of every five Drills a week. To the layman this may seem a serious offense, but he should keep in mind that a Drill is only a siesta in which somebody tries to keep you awake.

In the words of Junior, our ex-mascot, the conduct of the Second Company was not just "good"; it was "exemplary."



FOURTH COMPANY

NOW, the Second Battalion, engineers, consists of two companies, the 2nd and 4th. Of these two, the 4th Company is the outstanding group, though apparent to themselves only, for it is hoped that from this company shall some day come some future admiral.

During the first month each section tried to build up a do or die spirit. Each section strove to make itself the best section in the Regiment. Just about the time that things began to run smoothly, they were broken up. In some of the new sections, not a single man was left who had belonged to it in its earlier history. Most of the fellows required very little time to recover from the upheaval. Soon everyone made new friends and the engineers were away again with full steam ahead!

According to very good authority, this "news" obtained from friends of friends, etc., will be revealed under the old section identity:

Section 41. It is believed that this section had the largest number of engineers and those with scientific training. Besides these there were also a number of fellows who believed in all fun and play and no work.

Section 42. These worthies were so modest that your reporter couldn't gather any inside dope concerning them. They believe that silence is golden. Perhaps these will be the boys who'll make this class famous.

Section 43. Consists of a number of near-engineers and the remainder of the section were general playboys. Some of them found it hard to be quiet during formations and their greatest weakness was in failing to signify the proper direction when giving orders. However, who knows — maybe this is the section that will donate that future admiral.

Section 44. Plenty of Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth men. Cupid must be working on them in a big way — a large number of the boys are taking the fatal step or should we say signing on shipmates. There is one exception, it seems, one gentleman is looking for girl who'll accept him. (Good luck fellow!)

Section 45. These gents claim that they did not lose a single man. They must have some secret to keep them going while the others went overboard. Or perhaps they are made of much sterner stuff than most.

Section 46. This section is reputed to have prepared more men for the Army than any other. One of these who survived believes that it is bad form to give an order twice in the same language — but he'll learn and may become the best officer in the bunch!

WHEN I WAS A MIDSHIPMAN.

By Lt. Gitz Rice.

Where the glor-ious Hud-son Riv-er flows out to the sea. On its

eas-tern shore at a hun-dred and thir-ty eight I chanced my fate on the

U. S. S. "Prai--rie State" The boosts and bumps I'll cher--ish ac-

cord-ing to the Na-vy plan.-----But when I sail the sev-en seas and what

ev--er port I find, I'll al-ways have a hank--er--in' for the

pale I left be-hind, On the Hud--son. When I was a Mid-ship-

man, Mid-ship-man. When I was a Mid-ship-man.



SUBMARINE

ACTIVITIES



First Row: Spaulding, Mahoney, Grey, Scherneck.
Second Row: Malcolm, Lt. de Forest, Biberman.

SIDE BOY STAFF

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------|
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ARTISTS

| | | | | |
|------------|-------------------|---------------|-----------------|---------------|
| J. R. Shea | — | H. P. Chipp | — | R. M. McClung |
| | R. Chitwood | — | J. E. McColgan | |
| Navigation | F. L. Comley | Comp. 4 | K. G. E. Sharke | |
| Seamanship | J. Kreshtool | Log | H. S. Lewis | |
| Ordnance | J. E. McColgan | Watches | H. M. Trull | |
| E. E. | I. Richards | Drill | J. S. Morgan | |
| B. & A. | J. E. Halter, Jr. | Chapel | C. O. Frasch | |
| C. & M. | J. F. McHugh | Entertainment | J. E. Boyle | |
| Comp. 1 | D. J. Gould | Sports | R. A. Sweatt | |
| Comp. 2 | J. J. Mullen | Glee Club | R. M. Surdam | |
| Comp. 3 | N. V. King | Sylph | A. W. J. Clark | |
| | Scuttlebutt | R. W. Bowman | | |

THE LOG

UP to this point the summer of 1940 had been a pretty dull summer with nothing more to break the monotony than the fall of three or four countries of Europe, a few communiques about battles that anyone could have figured out well in advance from a club arm chair with far more precision and accuracy, and also far better results to one's favorite army than the present situation indicated; but all this trivia was put aside and far more important things were happening to fifteen hundred newly appointed "apprentice seamen" in the U.S.N.R.



CRUISE SHIP U.S.S. NEW YORK

The USS Arkansas was sailing from New York with five hundred of these trainees aboard from many parts of the Country. Along with her were the two other ships, USS Wyoming, the USS New York, all loaded to the gunwales with fellows who had sailed the Seven Seas over and over again, in books, and had a pretty good idea as to what the whole thing was all about — or so they thought. Already each and every one could see spread eagles, shields, gold braid by the yard around their heads. There was nothing to it. I know — I was one of those guys.



LIBERTY PARTY

After standing endless hours in the broiling sun, we were given uniforms and regular gob's hats — which generally were three sizes too small for our heads. Then came the stenciling of everything but the body itself, and with a number too. Soon you became not MISTER JOHN ASPINWALD SOPER DILLINGHAM, III, but just a number as far as the NAVY was concerned. All were treated alike.

The first and immediate renovation of the officer aspirants was that of language. We found only too soon, and to our embarrassment that the ship had no stairs, but one got from one deck to another by means of ladders; the thing that we stood on was not a floor, but a deck; you weren't called to breakfast, lunch and dinner, but you were piped to chow, and Charlie Noble turned out to be a smoke stack of the galley instead of some illustrious figure in Naval tradition.

Every man aboard had been told that the Navy preferred men who were clean mentally, morally and physically. The latter being the most obvious became most important. That first morning in the shower was the first lesson for testing the sanity and morale of the apprentice seamen. To see how to shave or wash the face in a lavatory was a luxury unheard of on the entire cruise. Soon I learned that all one needed for the shower in the morning was a tooth brush, because conditions were so crowded

that while one brushed his teeth he would get his face lathered, shaved and washed. The wind would dry the face as one made a mad rush for the locker to get dressed before the mess cooks began to set up tables in front of them.

Certainly the four weeks spent aboard the training ship was ideal for testing the ability of the prospective officer, for if he could cope both mentally and physically with the situations that arose as every day routine and got the right answer in time to appear at Captain's inspection on Friday with both shoes on and properly laced, tie tied and a clean hat, he was truly able to cope with such a small thing as an enemy.

Guantanamo Bay, Cuba was the first land fall. That's all that need be said.

Five days later Colon, C. Z., appeared over the horizon. This was the big event of the trip — Panama and the trip across the Isthmus. A special train had been arranged for our transportation, and the trip



GUNNERY ON THE SYLPH

across to Panama City was one that none will ever forget. If that journey did nothing more, it served to inflate our collective egos and to remind us that Americans had succeeded where others had failed. In every eye was a light of pride, and in every mind the growing birth of determination to become an

officer in the Navy, to have a part in the protection of this feat of engineering as well as the other great things that are American.

The big event of the trip having been enjoyed, only the firing of the turrets off Hampton Roads succeeded in diverting our minds from the thoughts of further training, and the ultimate goal. Selections for the schools were made. Of the few who failed most were released due to physical defects. The majority of those who had enlisted in the Class V-7 really had serious intentions of going to sea with the Navy, but for many reasons peculiar to each, it had been only a secret ambition which never materialized; consequently there were few who were discharged for inaptitude. This was the golden opportunity to take a sort of demonstration ride, and find out if the Navy would like us, and to see if we would like the Navy. With almost all of us the Navy won.

We were released in New York to await our further training. On the morning of March 6, after many seemingly endless months of waiting we found ourselves aboard the U.S.S. PRAIRIE STATE, embarked on the last leg of our voyage from civilian to Naval Officer — the three months' course as Midshipmen, U.S.N.R.

For the next few days our activity was confined to receiving books, uniforms, measurements, advice. The conversation was confined to getting acquainted and general scuttlebutt about what happened in the last class. When we finally saw our Captain immediately morale ran high. A feeling of confidence was everywhere evident. Capt. London had kept many a ship off the rocks and we were sure that with him in command we too would finally arrive.

His words to us were brief, exact, and full of advice. He told us what was expected, and what we would receive as a reward. Then he told us we were no longer apprentice seamen, but MIDSHIPMEN, a word synonymous with gentlemen, and that we were expected to fill the bill. For three months we would have to "take the veil." Deck scrubbing was over. No more washing of clothes on a fantail. Our work now was mental preparation, not to make officers out of us in ninety days, but to prepare us for officers, and to instruct us so that we could ask an intelligent question about things that we came in contact. Inwardly, I felt that he must have heard about some

of the questions we asked officers on the cruise ships during the summer.

Adjustment was hard. Many who had tried to cram some information about navigation and the deck subjects found that they had been chosen for the engineering course. Each man had his personal problems to overcome.

Then came the first monthly exams that claimed some unfortunate ones, who failed to trim their sails quickly enough. It was the beach for them, and those of us who were lucky enough to remain could hardly help but feeling a little sorry for them, for we knew it was not by choice that they failed. Many could

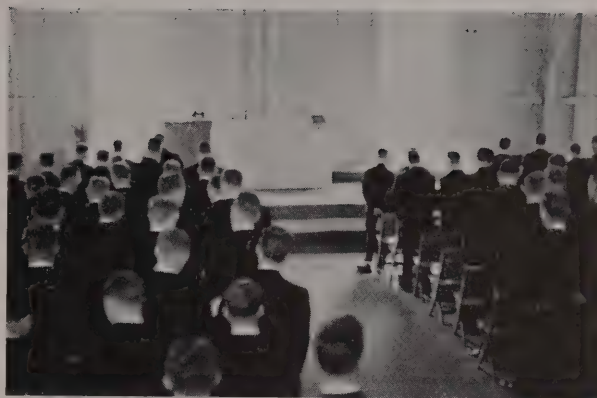


TRIP TO AMERICAN AIRLINES

be seen looking back ruefully as they went over the side of our improvised Annapolis of the Hudson, for with all its short comings, the PRAIRIE STATE represented to them and to us as well, the Navy. But we were still in, and to us, that was what mattered the most.

The high light of the second month was the Easter Weekend Liberty, our first overnight release from the Ship since the opening of the School. Midshipmen went overside towards every point of the compass, but tucked under an arm, or in a small weekend bag could have been found a copy of Dutton's Navigation, or Boilers and Auxiliaries. The thought of the tree upon which one could be so ungracefully hung on Saturday morning was no thought to be passed up lightly.

Snow and ice had gone by this time. Motor launches, whale boats, and an accommodation lad-



SUNDAY MORNING CHAPEL

der could be seen from the seaward side of the USS PRAIRIE STATE. Cruises on the USS SYLPH came to be a thing of pleasure.

The last lap seemed easier, but in reality it was much more difficult than those that had gone before. Adjustment had finally come. Band concerts on Sunday night that Chaplain De Forest arranged for us became an increasing source of pleasure, and at the dancing class on Thursday night the clumsiest feet took on rhythm.

Final exams are over. Our sections of men are smaller. The rocks and shoals have taken their toll along with the physical exams, but though our number might be small we propose to make it up in quality, and with God's help when we take our place in the fleet tomorrow, we will do our best to prove ourselves worthy of the signal honor of officers in the UNITED STATES NAVY, and make our nicknames of "mustang," "yard bird," and all of their synonyms a mark of distinction.



WATCHES



"RELIEVE you, Sir."

With these words the midshipman O.O.D. began his first watch as a member of the third V-7 class aboard the PRAIRIE STATE. Although his voice was calm and his manner unstrained and dignified, he was inwardly quaking with apprehension, the consciousness of his own ignorance and the desire to keep anyone else from knowing it.

Turning quickly to the table on the quarter deck, he busied himself with the papers which had accumulated prior to 2000. Hurriedly he ran over in his mind the advice in Watch Officer's Guide and the Drill Department's notes.

"But the Officer of the deck, well endowed with forehandedness, vigilance, common sense, and leadership, must have more —"

More what?

"Under the Captain and Executive Officer, the Officer of the Deck, until regularly relieved, is responsible for his ship, has all authority commensurate with that responsibility, and is required to be an example of efficiency, dignity, smoothness, and zeal in the performance of his duty."

Almost verbatim he remembered these formal and forbidding statements. Thumbing nervously through the log, he reached his zenith of apprehension with the realization that in a very short time, he would be required to enter certain "remarks — terse statements relative to noteworthy events," occurring between 2000 and 2400.

Suddenly he was interrupted and he pronounced his second official statement as midshipman O.O.D. Three mess attendants approached him for permission to leave the ship and to each in turn he replied, "Very well."

The quarter deck was suddenly overrun with midshipmen returning from study, messages were relayed, and various men had to be summoned over the public address system. As the time passed rapidly, a note of authority and a little superiority crept into his voice and bearing.

At last he sat down to enter his remarks in the log. Signing his name with a noticeable flourish, he read with satisfaction the record of his watch, a milestone in his life, permanently inscribed in the chronological history of the ship.

"20 to 24. Moored as before."

THE SYLPH

RESIDENTS in the neighborhood of the PRAIRIE STATE enjoy a private weather forecast. When, shortly after 0800 each morning, they hear a ten-second whistle blast, followed by three shorts, they can be reasonably sure that hurricanes or even gales will not strike New York that day and the temperature will not fall far below zero. The whistles mean that "PY-12," called "THE SYLPH" and several less printable names, is pulling out. Or at least she is trying to.

The SYLPH is a beautiful vessel, even though her loveliest features, full barkentine sails, were taken from her when she joined the Navy. But like many a lovely female, especially one whose beauty has waned, she is willful. Not only does she back to port like any single-screw vessel, but she often does it in such surprising ways as to make her marinal departures matters of tactical difficulty and, when current, tide or wind are especially bad, almost of impossibility.

Nevertheless, with luck and only reasonably unseasonal weather, the SYLPH sets sail four days each week with two sections of Midshipmen aboard. From then until about 1600 they leave the classroom behind them and, under the tutelage of the yacht's gracious and hospitable officers, put into practice, ~~in~~ engine room, on deck or bridge, the principles they have absorbed from texts and lectures.

Even though a commissioned officer has been on hand all the time, the Midshipman Navigator has enjoyed plotting a course which is really followed, the helmsman has learned a good bit about steering, and all the others at their sundry posts have likewise profited.

There have been some instances of abdominal retching when the SYLPH's motion has taken on too much speed and too many simultaneous directions to please a few of the would-be Ensigns. Amusing blunders have been made, such as the time when a Midshipman, ordered to get a bearing on a cupola at Dobb's Ferry asked the lookout to sight the cupid on a ferry. But all things considered, Mr. Murphy's former yacht, with her pink-tiled "heads," her handsome bulkhead panelling, and most of all her graceful over-all lines, has ranked among the positive assets of life at the PRAIRIE STATE School. The SYLPH may no longer be "yar," but when it comes to a change from classroom routine, to an enjoyable day of first-rate "P-Work," the Midshipmen all are glad the SYLPH is "thar."





CHAPEL

DURING this concentrated effort to make officers of these young men, the School has not overlooked the need for adequate religious activity.

Episcopal Church Communion has been held every Sunday morning at 0700, with Midshipmen alternating in serving at the altar. The regular Divine Service aboard Ship was held at 0900, with all Midshipmen and Officers on duty in attendance. The New York City Music Project furnished a trio consisting of piano, violin and cello for this Service. In addition, a Midshipman quartet and instrumental and vocal solos offered an interesting variety. The hymn singing was particularly inspiring.

A Roman Catholic Church party under escort attended the 9:00 Mass at the Church of the Annunciation. Midshipmen of Hebrew Faith were privileged to attend a 10:45 Service at B'nai Jeshurun Synagogue. They were also given liberty to attend the Hebrew Services of the Feast of the Passover. Good Friday was observed by special parties attending an evening Service in various Churches within close proximity to the School. Tickets of admission were obtained and used by Midshipmen in numerous Churches in the City on Easter Sunday.

Chaplain W. J. de Forest has been so diligent in his pastoral duties among the personnel of the School, that volunteer requests for conferences were so extensive as to make it necessary to arrange appointments in advance. This is evidence that modern college youth are not averse to religion and morale, but are eager to place confidence in the counsel of one who is always ready to listen and help.



GLEE CLUB

DESPITE the perils offered by Navigation and Electrical Engineering, a majority of those who signed up for the Glee Club during the first week of school found time to raise their voices in song twice a week throughout the term. Everyone realized that the time we were to spend aboard the PRAIRIE STATE was far too short to develop a polished chorus or an extensive repertoire, but for the pure enjoyment of singing, thirty or forty midshipmen met each Tuesday and Friday evening.

Thanks to Chaplain de Forest's efforts, the Glee Club was furnished with a very capable coach in the person of Mr. Ashley Miller of the Juilliard School of Music. Under his direction, the Club was soon able to sing such difficult pieces as "High Barbary" and Fred Waring's "This is My Country" in addition to more familiar favorites.

The enthusiasm for singing which the Glee Club fostered found more informal expression in several quartets which sprang up in the School. Chief of these was Bob Harvey's quartet which sang responses at the Sunday morning Church Services aboard Ship. It is hoped that both this quartet and the Glee Club will sing publicly during the week prior to graduation.



ENTERTAINMENTS

THE time approaches when we shall hear the bugle sound its last recall and as we look back it certainly appears that we have spent a very short time aboard the PRAIRIE STATE. It will always be a source of wonder as to how we managed to snatch some brief pleasures in that hectic existence.

The first broadside was the dance arranged for us by Mrs. Morgan at the Junior League Club House; a tremendous success which naturally led to other successes. The major one being the decrease in the feminine void of the drill hall for the Thursday night "hop" inaugurated by the Chaplain. Secondly, many other parties not directly Navy sponsored.

In May, we enjoyed a second party, this time by invitation from the Junior League Club members, at which — under excellent guidance — we rapidly dissipated the gloom of that morning's exam.

Our familiarity with good music was greatly increased by the instrumental trio from 1200 to 1500 and the evening band concert of 45 musicians on Sundays. Especially, that classic Dixie which never failed to stir its hearers into sustained applause.

Came the evening of the 23rd of May and the Midshipmen were helping the old "Maestro," Ben Bernie, put over his broadcast program, heard from coast to

coast from the Barbizon-Plaza Concert Hall. The honors in the quiz program, to say nothing of the hundred bucks, were carried off by Midshipman John Trent.

The Midshipmen were given a rare treat on May 24th through the kindness of Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, when they were invited to a dance and party at the Junior League Club House, with dozens of luscious girls on hand to make the evening a huge success.

Through Gitz Rice, Jack Blunkall and the Actors Equity Association, a stupendous variety show made up of leading Broadway celebrities was produced on board ship, June 3rd. This fine patriotic group presented the School with the complete stage settings of the show as a permanent gift.

As a fitting climax to the social season aboard the U.S.S. PRAIRIE STATE, a tea dansant and buffet supper was scheduled for the afternoon of June 5th, to which midshipmen invited their lady friends, various weekend theatre ticket courtesies. Without him our stay would have been far less pleasant.

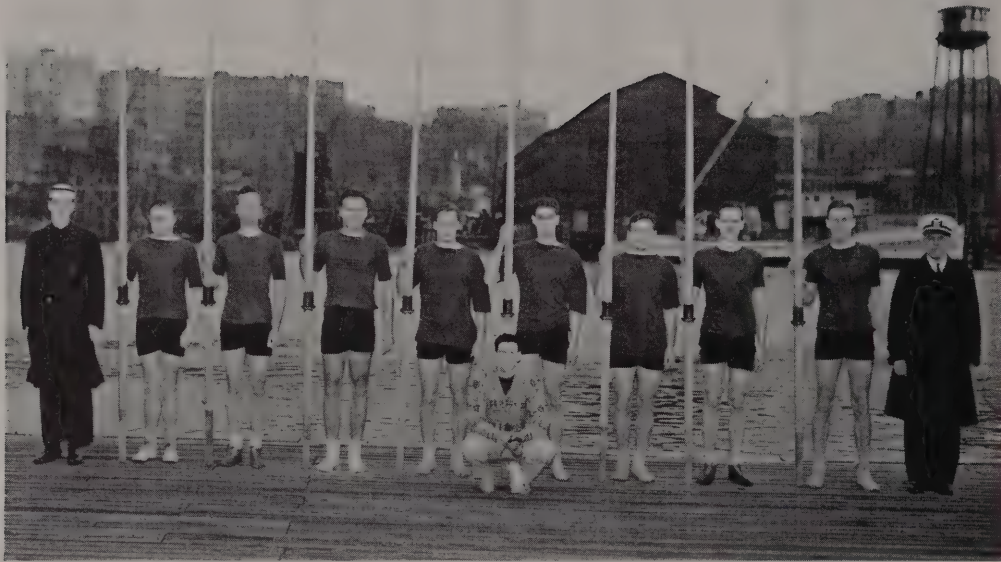
Already we hear the distant rumbling of the surf on the monetary rocks. Each gentleman may be seen in the process of preparing a document which has this general sense:

We are sincerely grateful to Chaplin de Forest, not only for arranging these social functions but also for his work in procuring this music for us and the

Dear Dad: Please send me some dough
 Dear Dad: Please send me some dough
 The final dance, I have to go.
 I'd have to pull some nifty tricks,
 To ever take ten bills from six.







SPORTS

PEERING over the shoulders of the blue-shirted group gathered on the forward port quarter of the drill deck, a visitor would see two sweating bodies hurtle together and crash down on the mat. Asking one of the "standers" he would be informed that this was the usual recreation for followers of the "grunt and groan sport" during liberty. Aft on the same deck, a flying shuttlecock marked the beginning of a contest in badminton, while nearby two grotesquely masked figures danced to the rhythm of "thwanking" rapier.

Had our visitor been a bit earlier he might have witnessed organized sports in action. In the gym on the hill, a hotly contested basketball tournament thrilled the spectators as some ex-collegiate star produced a one-handed basket swisher.

Central Park on Saturday found "middies" pounding the baseball all over the lot, as they played the regular personnel in one of their regular clashes, organized by Ensign Bull.

Of all their varied sports, the dearest to every midshipman's heart was the PRAIRIE STATE's far-famed crew. Facilities were provided by the Non Pareil Boating Club; Columbia University graciously donated a shell and experienced giants filled it. The crew was under the wing of Lt. Commander Cooper, who was largely responsible for its organization. A grueling schedule was drawn up and only a few short weeks allotted for conditioning, and Lieut. Com. Cooper assisted by Lieut. (j.g.) Newbegin did a fine job synchronizing the rowing styles of Boston University, Harvard and Yale. Lack of training time might hold back Lieut. Commander Cooper's charges in the first race or two; but if no trophies decorated the quarter deck of the PRAIRIE STATE, many a

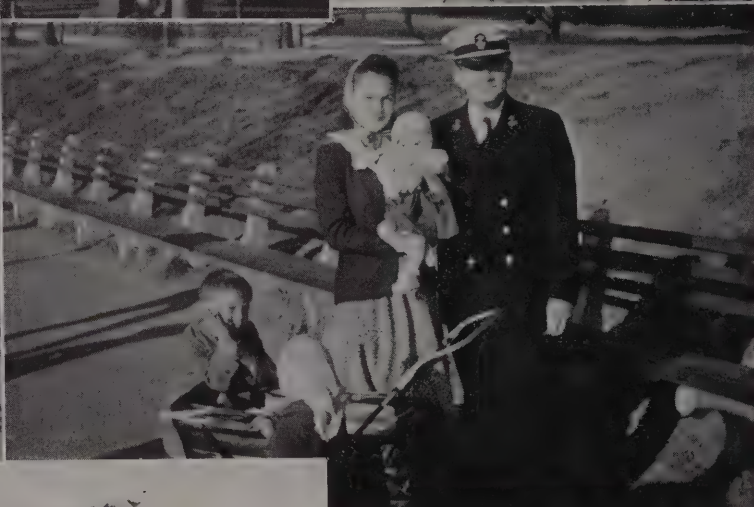
bet would be lost and the wisdom of experienced prognosticator rendered null and void.

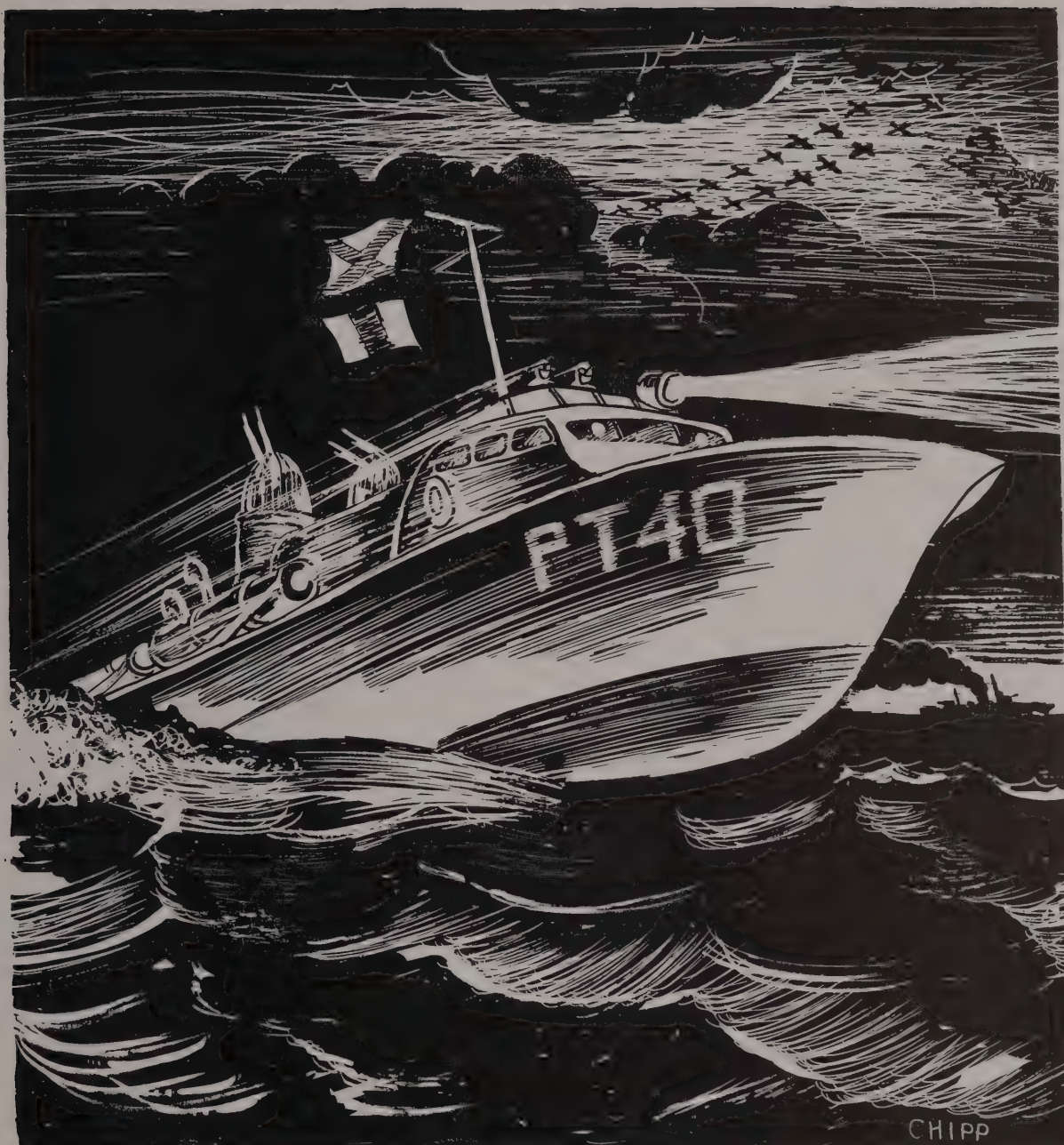
One day early in May the school was treated to a visit from a man from the Sports World's Hall of Fame. None other than Gene Tunney, ex-heavyweight boxing champion of the world, and now a Lt. Commander, U.S.N.R. came to enlighten us upon the proper way to keep healthy through the medium of calisthenics. Mr. Tunney personally demonstrated, much to the awe and admiration of those present, methods for building the man with a fighting edge — so important in upholding the glory of the American military forces. Primarily, this is what the C.N.O. is interested in. However, Gene gave us excellent tips as to how the mid-riffs could be controlled at that dangerous Lt. Com. age, through proper exercises. This consisted of one hundred push-ups before breakfast and fifty between dessert and coffee in the evening. Gene, or rather Lt. Commander Tunney served to inspire us to greater Physical capabilities and we hope to reach that goal of muscular coördination and physical control desired by the powers that be.



As the close of the March Term of the School drew near the boys held a warm "thank you" in their hearts to Lieut. Commander Cooper, Chaplain de Forest, Lieut. (j.g.) Newbegin, Ensign Bull and others for a red-blooded sports program.







P T BOAT

SCUTTLEBUTT

FOREWORD

ALL famous works (like this) have forewords, so we looked around for a famous person to write one, we're still looking . . . Then we wrote one ourselves, and we're still writing . . . Anyway, we would like to say that any similarity to people or incidents, living or dead (preferably) is merely a happy accident. . . .

* * * * *

Moored as before. . . .

* * * * *

One of the boys in the forward berthing compartment is addicted to walking and talking while he sleeps. The culmination of a long series of incidents twixt he and the mid below occurred the other morning when the sleep walker awoke the lower with much shaking and muttering. "Hey," yelled the awakened one, "what's the shot?" The sleep walker awoke with a start. "*****!" he said, "I was dreaming that you were my girl and that I had to get you out of here before reveille." Now the lower isn't just sure what to do. . . .

* * * * *

At one time and another all of you have heard this, but heigh ho . . . One of the sicker V-7's aboard the U.S.S. VINCENNES was groaning his life away down in the sick bay when the doctor cheered him up by remarking that after all he wasn't going to die. Quoth the mid.: "Oh don't say that, sir. It's only the hope of dying that keeps me alive."

* * * * *

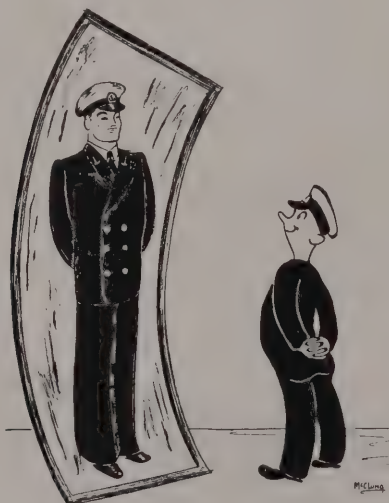
One of the Mids, after eating aboard the SYLPH in one of her rougher moments wants to know why they refer to mess as chow down. . . .

* * * * *

What do I do now Dep't. When Captain London cuts in on you at the Junior League Dance just as things are going well. . . .

* * * * *

Hey fellas cupcakes!



For sheer clarity this leaves us with our parallel rulers down and our safety valves gagged. Quote Lt. Parks: — “Gentlemen, there is nothing so much like a loofah (filtering material) as a loofah.” E-gad!

* * * * *

MARCH YOUR MEN OFF TO CLASS IN THE CUSTOMARY ORDER . . .

We’re told that the manual of Engineering Instructions received a severe setback in one of the boiler quizzes the other week. One of the boys has decided that flarebacks are caused by lighting a torch off a hot bricklayer. Betcha the union will have something to say about this.

* * * * *

And then there was the V-7 who asked one of the oil kings aboard his cruise ship . . . “But sir, if the ship is run by steam, why do they need all this oil?”

* * * * *

Raised Turret Department: According to an unknown midshipman, the recoil cylinders of a large gun are to be filled with nitro-glycerine. Checks the recoil permanently, dontcha know.

* * * * *

And isn’t it a coincidence says Midshipman Feep, that Thursday is also the maid’s night out.

* * * * *

We hear via Scuttlebutt that the Bureau of Ships is very definitely interested in the reciprocating turbine that was invented by one of the more enterprising midshipmen.

* * * * *



An operative we know in Washington forwards the following intelligence over our secret wire: “Rumor hath it that the Soggy Starch Combine is putting forth a strong lobby for the inclusion of Mashed Potatoes and cupcakes in the Midshipman breakfast fare. ‘They’re real tasty,’ says Senator ——— (who prefers to remain anonymous, ‘just the thing to make you lads hearty and strong.’” Anyway, the motto is: ‘Let ’em eat cake’ with Hudson River Caviar on Fridays). Hey boy! water me up some mashed potatoes. . . .

* * * * *



POME

There's nothing in the roar of battle
Equal to the clash and rattle
Syncopating mess boys raise
Beating out their chants on trays.

* * * * *

And if we'd been there, we'd have put this down too.
Ques: What is a Binnacle List?
Ans: A list the ship gets when too many Binnacles stick
to her bottom.

* * * * *

Midshipman Engineers will not receive commissions until one year's service in the
Fleet has been concluded.

* * * * *

Weekend liberty during April.

* * * * *

THOUGHTS ON CEMETERY HILL

Ever looking on the cheerful side of things, we say in one breath (our consumption forbids two): What with the general prevalence of Trench Mouth, Shingles, Colic, D.T.'s, Fletchers Itch and Measles and similar indications of Midshipman decay; we have it on good authority that the sick bay will soon be occupied by the well, while the mass of midshipmen with their waxy skins and drooping eyes roam the dank depths of ye ship; lost in a fog of anti-toxins . . . list souls in a nautical nightmare.



"BUT I DIDN'T THINK THE ADMIRAL NEEDED SIDEBOYS!"

Some of the midshipmen who visited the Malaya came back with a story about six side boys, etc. etc. We suggest a permanent staff of side-boys for the PRAIRIE STATE . . . after all we have to have something to bolster our ego.



YOUR LIBERTY CARD, SIR!

A friend of ours (before we lost the glass from his slide rule) tells us of a test for coffee that we like. You pass a current through the coffee by means of suitable electrodes and find the resistance and so forth; then if the coffee merely boils you throw it out, if the current precipitates lead and arsenic it's passable, but when the darn stuff froths and shoves the current back into the battery with a hump, then mister, you've got *coffee*. . . .

* * * * *

How we envy these lads with the mental alarm clocks who always manage to get to the head just before the crowd.

* * * * *

While studying in the comparative quiet of Room 12 the other night (nothing but the Thursday night dance, stamping, hammering, singing and the gnawing of the rats to bother us) we cast a commiserating (?) glance at the chap next to us. "Pretty tough isn't it?" . . . "Aw, he replied, "I don't mind that so much, but (his voice rose to scream) if this damn desk doesn't quit jiggling I'll go nuts . . ." Well, it's all in how you look at it.

* * * * *

FAME COMES TO N.S.N.R. V-7

Believing that V-7 Reserves have been garnering an unusual amount of Publicity, what with Mrs. Morgan, Amateur Admirals, Time, Life, etc.; we had our research department conduct a survey:

To the question: "What does V-7 mean, we obtained the following answers:

- a. Where are the other 6?
- b. Some kind of code?
- c. Sir!
- d. My husband handles that sort of thing.
- e. That new airplane motor?
- f. A submarine.
- g. A new class of Naval Reserve (one of the quiz kids, no doubt.)

All men desiring full pay may obtain same by handing in requisitions to the Drill Department.

* * * * *

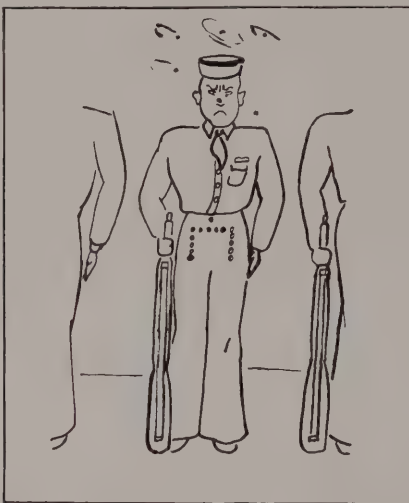
ALL SCUTTLEBUTTS PLEASE COPY:

The PRAIRIE STATE is going to be put back onto active duty and the midshipmen's school is going to be transferred to the Normandie, where we'll all have separate rooms and servants.

* * * * *

Dress whites may be purchased at one-half price.

* * * * *



CONVERSATIONAL CUT-OUTS

PLACING his slide rule to his head, he pulled the slide, fatally wounding himself with a square root through the left cosine.

Has first chow call gone?

Honest Jack, she's a queen, and it's only for an hour. . . .

And then I said to the Captain . . .

There I was in Guantanamo with \$6.00 and overnight leave . . .

But Officer, I've got to get back to the Ship by quarter of six.

Cupcakes?

Atlantic or Pacific Fleet? Naw! Yangtze Gunboat Patrol.

We know a slick story about a Midshipman who picked up a show girl, but the deadline is gonna cut us off — Like this —

PLAY — Or: Shakespeare spins in his grave

SCENE: The Drill Department . . . Three or four bottles of poison lie scattered about, a bloody sword hangs above a large sheet of paper entitled Conduct Report. A fiend sits in one corner fondling a large pile of demerits. A small flock of black widow spiders frisk about the extra duty book. Lieut. Dime sits in a corner reading "Medieval torture and other forms of Exercise." He chuckles gently to himself as . . . The Curtain sneaks up.

Enter Lt. Comdr. SCURRIER, dressed in black tights and lashing a whip. He drags a midshipman behind him.

FIEND: "Well?"

SCURRIER: "Six demerits for having gone downstairs instead of below." Fiend stuffs six demerits down the midshipman's throat. Mid. exits in great pain, muttering.

LT. COMDR. FLURRY; enters from back stage, leafing through the book of misdemeanors . . . Stops to pet the spiders, who flinch as he approaches. He speaks: "Heh! Heh! Heh!"

SCURRIER: "Hey cut that out-er-belay that, you're not the shadow."

FLURRY: "Oh yeah?"

SCURRIER: "Yeah, and where's that report, we're under our demerit quota for this week."

A dirge is heard outside as ensigns CHISEL, WORSE, AXEM and WORRYNOW enter, singing:

"There will be one vacant bunk,
We will get 'em if he doesn't flunk."

ENS. CHISEL: "Hah!" (snaps his whip) "Had a fair day today . . . 12 men absent from watch muster. By the way, Axem, what happened to those late over-liberties you were going to trade me? I want . . . (he breaks off as a midshipman enters).

MIDSN: (knocking head thrice on floor and doing 10 pushups while saluting) "Sir, I . . ."

CHORUS: "Five demerits for not saying SirS"

(Ensigns leaf rapidly through copies of Navy Regs which hang from their wrists by lanyards, nodding assent)

MIDSN: "But sirs" . . . I only wanted . . ."

CHORUS: "Ten demerits for talking in ranks."

MIDSN: "What ranks?"

WORSE: "You're rank enough to be plural!"

Drill Dep't. laughs in glee and fall to wrangling among themselves as to who gets credit for the demerits as the curtain and midshipman fall to the deck mortally wounded.



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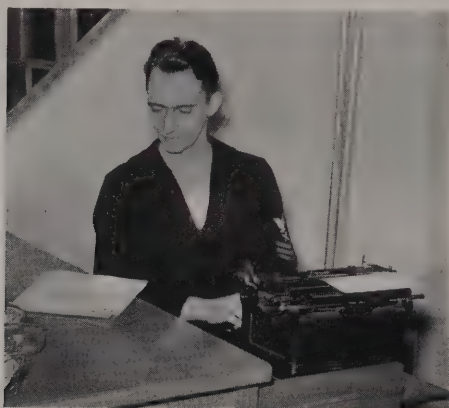
Certain officers who helped contribute, though at times unwittingly, tidbits to enrich the literature found herein.

Those midshipmen, not members of the Staff, who from time to time cooperated in true Navy style to the benefit of the publication.

Paul van Wulven, Yeoman 1st Class, for many long hours spent assisting the Staff with manuscript work.

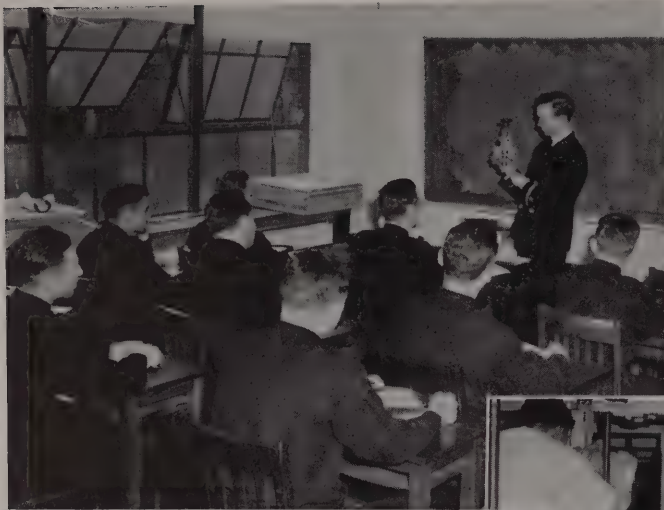
American Air lines for their cooperation in permitting the engineer midshipmen to visit their hangars and equipment at La Guardia Field.

The Hayden Planetarium for extending their facilities and entertaining instruction on celestial navigation to the deck midshipmen.



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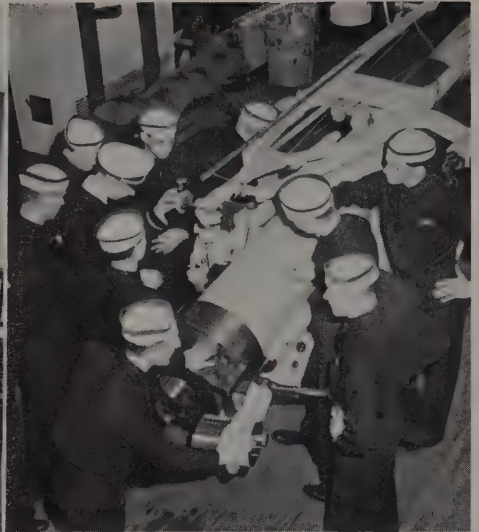
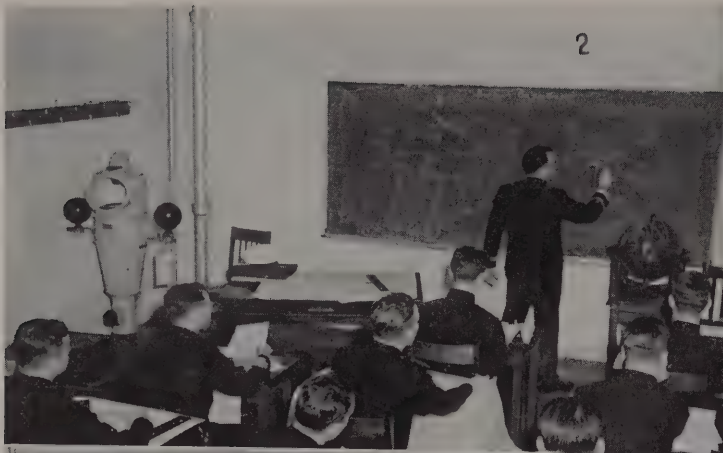
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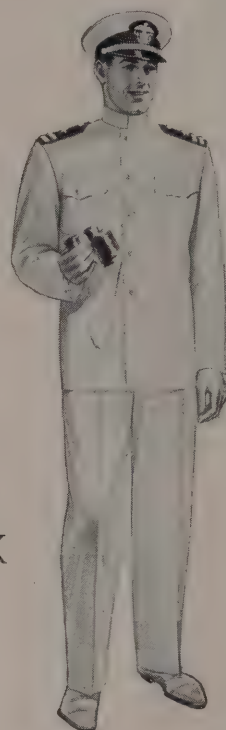
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